THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY. MAY 4. 1889. IN ADVANCE FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 43

LOOKING BACK.

BY L. V. K.

The scent of roses is wafted to me
From a beautiful garden to-day.
And in dreams 'midst the flowers thy loved face I see,
Though in truth thou art far, far away.

And here is the tree under which we have stood
In the happy but long bygone years,
When I gave thee my heart for ill or for good,
As we parted in sorrow and tears.

From that day to this ne'er on earth have I seen
Thy dear presence which I love so well;
But in mystic worlds which lie midway between,
With thee doth my soul in love dwell.

Though I know that now I am here all alone,
And of joy, faith and hope sad bereft,
There is one thing which can for my pain atone,
The memory of thee that is left.

Back from the Grave

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

NARRATIVE BY VERE MANNESTY

(CONTINUED.)

CHRISTABEL was very shy at first, and especially so with me. My mother told me that when they were alone together she could talk with a childlike frankness and simplicity that quite won her heart; but always grew silent and timid at my approach, being unused, I suppose, to awkward creatures like myself.

My father and mother were quite bewitched by her, and I longed more and more earnestly every day to win from her the words that should make her mine for ever.

I observed, with some surprise and a little misgiving, her instinctive dread of the Bassets. She evidently knew nothing about them—indeed, she had never heard of the mother, and had seen the son only once or twice when she was a little more than a baby; and yet she could never hear his name without a shudder, nor speak of them without blanching from inexplicable terror; and she was quite as powerless to explain this fear as I was.

My own impression, almost amounting to belief, was that the future would justify only too well the fears that Christabel now suffered, unless indeed I should prove strong enough to protect her; and only as a husband could I do this adequately. As an affianced lover I could do much; but I knew I should never rest until I could call her my own, and set at open defiance all the legalised authority of Marcus Basset. When would that day come?

* * * * * * *

It was not until Trevor and Winifred Lovelace had carried off Christabel to Alton Edge that I spoke to her of my love. I think she must have been conscious of it before.

I was as guarded as I could be, but I could not always keep back the words that came so readily to my lips; and, when I found that she did not start or shrink, as she certainly would have done a short time before I began to hope that she was learning a little of that love of which my heart was so full.

I am not going to give a detailed account of the means I took to win Christabel. Suffice to say that we exchanged vows of mutual love and constancy, and lived for many days afterwards in blissful happiness.

We were awakened from our dream by practical Trevor Lovelace.

"Before you can announce your engagement publicly," he said, "you must obtain her guardian's consent."

Christabel shivered and looked apprehensive. Winifred cried contemptuously—

"Marcus Basset's consent indeed! Pray, how is it to be obtained? He is like the Wandering Jew. It is a chance if anybody knows where he is."

"His mother generally does, my love," remarked Trevor, in his mild sensible way.

Winifred tossed her beautiful head scornfully.

"His mother is a detestable old woman—worse than he himself if she didn't like the contents of the letter, she would take very good care that it never reached him."

Trevor smiled calmly.

"You have no evidence whatever, my love, for such a supposition. However, in this case, as it happens, we shall not have to appeal to Mrs. Basset. I have a letter here from Brownwell, who is in Venice, and he speaks of Basset as being at the same hotel. We can communicate with him direct."

"Well, that is something gained," admitted Winifred a little reluctantly; "but, if I had had my way, I should just marry them out of hand and ask the guardian's consent afterwards!"

Sensible Winifred! She put into words just the very idea that was forming in my own mind. I looked at her gratefully, feeling that she was my most powerful and willing ally; but Trevor only smiled at the idea.

"Absurd, my dear! Christabel cannot marry without her guardian's consent. She must have settlements drawn up, and all suitable arrangements for the future entered into. This of course cannot be done without the guardian's sanction and support. Besides, why this hurry? We cannot get Basset's answer in course of a week. I presume even Vere is not anxious to be married within that time."

Christabel's eyes had turned from one speaker to the other during this brief colloquy, with an earnest wistful look of anxiety that affected me powerfully. Now she put a question to Trevor.

"And suppose he will not consent?"

"But he will, my dear young lady. You may make your mind quite easy on that score. There is nothing whatever against such a marriage. Vere's character and his prospects are unimpeachable; and, although you are still a minor in the eyes of the law, you are quite capable of judging for yourself. Marcus Basset is a sensible practical man. He will be only too glad, you may be sure, to be relieved of all further responsibility on your account."

This was reassuring to us both, and yet I knew that Christabel was nervous and ill at ease.

"I feel as if he will try to stop it," she said to me. "I am almost sure that Carter thinks the same. Her manner was so very odd when she made 'bold to wish me joy,' as she said. I am sure in her heart she wished nothing of the kind. I am afraid, Vere—I do not know why, but I am. I feel as if something bad were hanging over us."

I did my best to reassure her. I laughed at her fears and made light of all evil omens. I could soon win back the smiles to her sweet face, but I do not think I was entirely successful in driving all fear from her heart. Indeed, to tell the plain truth, I shared considerable in her uneasiness.

Winifred's antipathy to the Bassets, and Christabel's vague terror, together with the sinister appearance of the maid Carter, affected me more powerfully than I should have cared to own; and I was by no means so confident as Trevor was as to the answer our letter would receive.

Trevor however proved the true prophet. Marcus Basset wrote back at once, giving an unconditional assent to my proposal for Christabel's hand.

Nothing could have been more straightforward or satisfactory than such a letter. It surpassed my utmost expectations, and Trevor smiled in his bland dry fashion as I handed it over to him. It had come by the evening post, and was given to me as we sat together after dinner before joining the ladies.

"You see, my dear fellow," he said, "that Basset is not such a monster or ogre as Winifred determined to make out. The unfortunate death of his wife raised quite an unaccountable feeling against him in many quarters; but it was entirely groundless and unjust."

The good news brought back the delicate color which had left my darling's face during the past days of suspense. Winifred was immensely pleased, and admitted that her former estimate of Marcus Basset was modified.

When I got Christabel to myself in the dewy garden, I asked her gently—

"Does this unexpected kindness on the part of your guardian help you to conquer your fear of him?"

She looked up wistfully at me, as if half afraid of my reproof.

"I'm afraid it does not—much," she answered. "I feel it is wrong to say so, and I am much obliged to him for not standing in our way; but I am afraid of him, Vere—I cannot help that, although it is so foolish. Sometimes I think I shall be afraid of him always, all my life long."

"No, you will not, Christabel," I answered confidently—"no, you will not! When once you are my wife, you shall not fear even Marcus Basset. Do you think I am not strong enough to protect you against all the world?"

She looked up into my face, with her sweet shy smile. What we said after that is of no importance to this story.

Weeks slipped away. I was a constant visitor at Alton Ridge, sometimes riding over for the day, sometimes stopping for the night or for two or three nights.

I had a foolish feeling that Christabel was safer when I was near, and this feeling she shared, and so we saw almost as much of each other as we had done when she was a guest beneath my father's roof.

Then, after our engagement had been announced, my mother wanted Christabel again for a little time, and we spent a few very happy days making plans for the future adjustment of the Manor House, in order that it might accomodate a double household.

Christabel was puzzled to know why these arrangements were necessary, as she was deeply attached to my mother, and would gladly have taken up her position as a daughter of the house instead of one of its heads; but on this point my mother was firm, and we divided the old house into two parts, and arranged for our separate establishments.

We did not talk of getting married until early in the following year. Christabel would then be twenty, which seemed an advantage in my mother's eyes; and if Basset would allow her to winter with the Lovelaces, we all felt certain that Winifred's solicitous care and cheerful companionship would do her an immense deal of good.

So matters went merrily forward, and early in August we received a personal assent to all our plans from Marcus Basset himself.

I well remember his first appearance amongst us. We had no idea that he was in England. Christabel and I were sitting in the garden one day, as we often did, talking over the sunny future, when suddenly she shivered, as if a breath of cold air had passed over her.

"What is it?" I asked, for she had grown pale, and her eyes had a startled look in them which I did not understand.

"I don't know," she answered slowly, pressing her hand to her head. "I think—I feel—as if somebody were walking over my grave."

I laughed a little, she looked so very solemn over it.

"Is that all? Well, we shall get over that. Churchyards are public property, you know, to a certain extent."

She looked at me rather strangely, and said—

"Ah, you do not understand—you do not understand!"

Before I could ask her to explain these enigmatic words we were interrupted by Winifred, who came quickly down the garden-path to join us. It was very plain, from her haste and animation, that she had some important news to communicate.

"Guess who has come," she cried—"guess who is here! Why, I see you both guess—Marcus Basset, to be sure, though you need not look so preternaturally grave over it. He is very much improved since I saw him last, and is quite sweet and amiable over everything. Trevor and I have been talking to him, and everything is to be done just as we like. You are a lucky boy too, Vere, as it turns out, for Christabel is a great heiress, it seems—no, I shan't tell you any more; but Marcus says Christabel will come into a mint of money on attaining her majority! Now come in, both of you, and see him; and, Christabel, my child, don't look as if you thought he was going to eat you. It is quite silly now all is going so beautifully. Bring her along, Vere and don't let her be nervous and timid. Marcus is the sort of man to notice and resent a frightened shrinking manner."

So Winifred preceded us back to the house, and I followed, leading Christabel. I could feel rather than see that she was bracing herself up for this meeting by putting great pressure upon her feelings, and that it was only by exercising all her powers of self-control that she nerved herself for it at all.

When we reached the house we saw that the new comer was with Trevor upon the terrace. He came forward to meet us, and shook hands quietly with us both, speaking a few words of congratulations that showed how well satisfied he was with the engagement.

Christabel trembled like an aspen-leaf, and did not remove her hand from my arm. I think she could hardly have stood alone at the moment. Her manner however was quite calm, and the few words she spoke betrayed no agitation; so I hoped nobody but myself observed how nervous she really was.

We all sat down upon the shady terrace, and Winifred ordered out the tea, thinking the little diversion would put us all at ease. She talked a good deal, and Trevor drew out Basset on the subject of his travels, also Continental politics, in which both men were well versed; and while they conversed I studied the face of the stranger, in whom I took so keen an interest.

He was undeniably handsome. He wore neither beard nor moustache, but his raven-black hair clustered thickly round his brow and temples, and was as glossy and plentiful as that of a lad. It was difficult to believe that this man was approaching middle life, if he had not already reached it. He was exceedingly masculine and powerful; his face, deeply bronzed by exposure to southern suns, still wore a look of youth-

ful energy and purpose. A man of his stamp would always make his mark wherever he went and one instinctively felt that it would be better to rank him as friend than foe.

I do not think I am by nature feeble or faint-hearted, yet as I sat "taking stock," so as to speak, of Christabel's guardian, I admitted to myself that I was thankful he had not opposed my suit. Opposition would not have conquered me—I was not such a poltroon as that—yet I felt instinctively that warfare waged against such an antagonist would be no light matter, and that every faculty of my nature would have had to be brought into full play, had it been my lot to have to dispute with him the possession of Christabel.

As it was, however, nothing could have been easier of adjustment than our affairs. He approved of all our plans, and expressed himself entirely willing, at the expiration of the six months' probation, to give away the bride, and resign all practical guardianship into my hands.

He came to see us quite often as the first month passed by. I was not surprised, for Mrs. Basset, from all accounts, could hardly have been lively company, and he seemed to have a quiet liking for his cousin Trevor and his lively wife.

Christabel and I did not see very much of him. On the days I was away from Alton Edge she sometimes enjoyed a little of his society; but, strange to say, her old fear and prejudice did not wear away.

"He frightens me, Vere," she said one day, with almost childish pitecusness. "I do not know why, but he frightens me dreadfully! He is kind, I know—he never says a word I don't like; but his eyes frighten me. He does look at me so—especially when you are not there."

"Never mind his eyes, Christabel," I answered reassuringly. "I know they are rather like a tiger's, but they don't do any harm."

I wished Christabel would conquer her timidity, and I often teased her gently about it; for I was certain that Basset knew she feared him, and I did not particularly like this, though I could hardly have said why.

Basset came over frequently, but he was never anything but agreeable, after his own silent fashion, nor hinted at the least wish to interfere in the course of events, and he professed himself perfectly ready, when the appointed time came, to take all needful steps for the settlement of Christabel's property.

He seemed to regard his ward as a fixture at his cousin's house; and, save that she had sent her favorite maid to wait upon Christabel, his mother hardly appeared to be aware of my pretty darling's existence.

By-and-by we had the satisfaction of returning to Mrs. Basset the domestic treasure she had sacrificed so long on Christabel's account.

Carter was surprised one day in the act of reading private letters, which she must have got at by means of using a duplicate key; for they were kept locked away in a drawer, the key of which Christabel always carried about her.

That settled the matter. The presence of the maid had been a heavy incubus for many months, and we were all delighted to see her ignominiously dismissed. Marcus Basset was told, and received the news with amused indifference.

It was rather a relief to see how little importance he attached to the matter. Carter's presence in the house had been a puzzle all along; but it seemed pretty plain that there was no sinister motive connected with it.

We saw a good deal of Basset through September and early October. Trevor preserved his property well, and the shooting at Alton Edge was remarkably good.

Basset had an open invitation to come when he liked. Game was plentiful, and sportsmen were few in number. He was a capital shot and enjoyed sport keenly, so we had a great deal of his company, and began to lose all sense of impending danger in his familiar presence.

That is to say, I did, and Winifred also; but I do not think Christabel was ever thoroughly reassured. She grew used to Basset's presence about the house—that was inevitable—and she did not start and tremble at the sound of his voice, or grow pale when she met the glance of his fierce eyes, as she once had done; but she never became reconciled to him, never lost the old instinctive antipathy.

Towards the middle of October Marcus Bassett expressed his intention of leaving us—most probable of leaving the country. When asked the reason for his sudden move, he laughed in his mirthless fashion.

"The wonder is that I have ever stayed so long in any one place," he said. "Don't you know that I am always on the move? I think I am like the Flying Dutchman, always condemned to perpetual travel. Wasn't he bound to be for ever moving—never at rest?"

"Until he found a faithful wife," observed Winifred lightly; but I could see that she repented the thoughtless words before they had passed her lips.

Basset's face darkened and contracted suddenly, in an odd way peculiar to himself. Not a muscle of his countenance seemed to move, and yet all in a moment it assumed a remarkable and repulsive expression.

"Ah, yes," he answered slowly, "quite so—I remember now! That however is hardly likely to be my lot."

"Oh, I don't know as to that, Marcus!" put in Trevor, in his cool leisurely way, entirely ignoring the awkwardness felt by the rest of us. "You are a young man yet. There is no reason in the world why you should not settle in life. For my part, I should be very glad to see you happily married."

"When I have achieved that piece of good fortune I will come to you for your congratulations," said Basset, with what I thought was rather a sinister smile.

Winifred did not seem to care for the turn the talk had taken.

"Where are you going, Marcus?" she asked hastily.

"I hardly know yet. Most likely I shall go abroad before long; but I am going to Yorkshire first, and perhaps to Scotland afterwards. I don't know when I shall be in these parts again."

"But you will leave an address with us?" suggested Trevor. "We may want to consult you about matters with regard to the marriage; and then there will be the settlements to make out."

"Yes, yes; I shall be back in good time for all that; besides, I have already drawn up instructions for the lawyer. There would be no difficulty there in any case. If you don't think I am to be trusted to come back, the settlements can be made out at once."

Trevor smiled blandly.

"It might perhaps be better. You are terribly difficult to get hold of sometimes, Marcus. If the fit takes you, you may start off and be lost to sight for years. I should make things all plain and easy before I went, if I were you."

Basset laughed rather grimly.

"So be it then!" he answered carelessly. "I have no objection. If Christabel changes her mind in the meantime, she will be the loser by the cost of the lawyer's bill."

"Christabel will be willing to take that risk, I am sure," said Winifred in her gay fashion.

We all felt grateful to Trevor for seeing that things were put in trim and could be concluded in Basset's absence. It was much better that this should be done; and then the sooner he took himself off the better we should be pleased.

When the business was summarily concluded and Marcus Basset gone, I said to Christabel—

"You will be happier now, you timid child."

"Yes," she answered, nestling up closer to me.

"Things are going just right for us," I said, putting my arm round her protectingly.

She looked up quickly at me.

"Don't you think perhaps, Vere, that they are almost too right?"

"What do you mean, Christabel?" I asked, smiling at her look of anxiety.

She clasped her hands tightly.

"I don't quite know what I do mean—only I feel as if things were going almost too smoothly. Halcyon days are followed by storms, you know!"

I laughed at Christabel's words, and we drifted away to the subject that always brought the light to her eyes and the color to her cheeks; yet I could not but notice on that and other days how very fragile and delicate she looked, and it seemed to me that instead of gaining strength, as we had hoped, she was rather losing it.

I was both disturbed and distressed by this conclusion, and talked it over with my mother, who was, in my humble opinion, the best of confidantes and the wisest of advisers. Her advice to me upon this occasion seemed particularly sound.

"The best remedy I can suggest," she said, "is to hurry on your marriage, and then take Christabel right away and give her change of air and scene. I would rather have the marriage deferred until her health was more firmly re-established; but, as this does seem likely to be accomplished in existing circumstances, I say, marry her as early as possible."

"I believe you have just hit the mark, mother," I returned. "Until we are married, I am certain she will never cease to feel in danger from the power of her guardian. Her fear is constitutional, and she cannot help it; but, when his power over her ceases, the fear must die a natural death."

"You anticipate no objection on the part of Mr. Basset?"

"I fancy not. He seems quite favorable to the marriage. He has behaved very well throughout. I sometimes wonder now it is I like him so little."

On the following day I rode over to Alton Edge to lay my proposition, in the first place, before the Lovelaces, and, secondly, before Christabel herself.

I arrived in time for Winifred's most cozy and sociable afternoon tea, which we always took in the hall in the late autumn and winter, beside a blazing fire of logs; but to-day I found my cousin alone, trying to amuse herself with a novel, as she sipped her tea from delicate Worcester china.

From the eagerness with which she welcomed me, I fancy she was feeling rather dull.

"Where is Christabel?" I asked.

"Up-stairs with a bad headache. I had to send her to bed an hour ago, and I hope she is asleep by this time. She always flags, Vere, directly you are out of her sight."

This gave me my cue at once.

"Winifred," I said, sitting down and looking her full in the face, "I am not at all satisfied about Christabel."

"No, nor I," she answered promptly.

"She seems to me to be in a very nervous state," I continued; "and I do not think it is at all good for her."

Winifred nodded sagely, and replied—

"You have expressed it correctly. She is very nervous and overwrought. I've done all I can for her; but she does not make any progress now—indeed she seems rather to go back. It is a great pity she felt so miserable in Marcus Basset's presence; his long stay in the neighborhood pulled her down sadly."

"Yes; and even now that he has gone she does not get on. What is to be done next?"

Winifred was looking hard at me and I at her. We both began to smile.

"I have an idea," she said.

"And so have I," I added.

"And my idea is—that you must——"

"That I must——"

"Marry her out of hand, and have done with it! Are our ideas both the same?" she asked.

"To the very letter," I answered emphatically; "and my mother is of the same opinion too."

Winifred clapped her hands.

"Then we may be quite sure that we are on the right road."

"I do not think we shall have much trouble in convincing Christabel."

"No, indeed, poor darling! I believe all her nervousness comes from a haunting fear that something may happen to stop the marriage. That horrid wretch, Carter, frightened her, though she never seems able to explain how or why.

Anyway, frightened she has been, and until she feels all danger is over I don't believe she will be herself again."

"I quite agree with you," I said. "I am convinced that you speak the truth. The only question now is—will Basset consent?"

"I don't think there will be any difficulty there," Winifred answered quickly. "Marcus has really behaved so wonderfully well that I have almost taken him into favor again. You see all the arrangements are being made, and will be completed in a week's time, and all you wish is to have the wedding in November instead of January or February. I don't believe, if you leave it to Trevor to settle, that there will be the least difficulty."

"What reason can he give that will carry sufficient weight, and yet not be unpalatable to Basset?"

"Why, the state of her health, of course, and the necessity for her to have a change!"

"Then the sooner he is communicated with the better," I answered, beginning to pace up and down the hall impatiently.

When Trevor came in from his shooting he was at once taken into our confidence.

I did not see Christabel that night, but the letter to her guardian was written. Trevor was a good hand at diplomatic letter, and the one despatched could hardly fail, we all agreed, to accomplish its purpose. We had an address that would find Basset, though possibly with a little delay; and, as he was a notoriously bad correspondent, Trevor added a postscript to the effect that if we heard nothing from him within a reasonable time we should conclude that silence gave consent, and arrange for the wedding to take place quietly from Alton Edge on the fifteenth of November. If Basset could not make it convenient to be present, he—the writer—would do his best to supply his place and give away the bride; but we all hoped he would favor us with his company, *et-cetera*.

Christabel heard the news very shyly, yet, as I fancied, very gladly too. It was easy to see that a load was lifted from her by the feeling that the time of probation was to be so greatly shortened, and especially by the belief that she would see Marcus Basset no more.

As day after day passed by without bringing us any answer to our letter, we began to breathe more freely. We knew that by this time it must have reached Basset, and the very fact of his having saved himself the trouble of a formal assent showed how very little importance he attached to the matter.

The banns were put up in the church. Winifred and Christabel were busy over many mysterious matters relating to milliners and dress-makers, and a few days spent in London made quite a gap in the short time that remained.

It was on Wednesday that I was obliged to go to London to conclude the final arrangements, and I was to be back again on the following Saturday. Upon the very next Tuesday I was to make Christabel my wife. In one short week we should be married!

CHRISTABEL DEVEREUX'S NARRATIVE RESUMED.

During the months that preceded this dreary November season I had experienced more of happiness and of misery than during the whole of my previous life.

For my happiness I could easily account. Had I not won the love of one of the best and bravest of men, and was I not soon to be united to Vere Mannesty by marriage, as we were already united in heart? No barrier had been raised against our wishes. Surely I had a good cause for all my happiness.

On the other hand, I should have found it very hard to explain or justify my many hours of nervous foreboding and miserable terror.

Carter's sinister presence might account for much; but I could not attempt to analyse the haunting fears by which I was continually assailed, and that marred the brightness of my lot in a way that would hardly be credible to a bolder and more courageous nature.

However, when matters were pushed on in the way Vere has described—when it came to be but a week before our wedding-day, when indeed a heavy weight seemed to be slipping from my heart, and I think, if Vere had not been obliged to go to London for the last few days that remained, I could have been quite gay and light-hearted.

Still I had learned to accept quietly what could not be avoided; and Winifred—she had insisted that I should call her Winifred, now that I was so soon to marry her favorite, Vere—had driven me to the station to say good-bye, and, as she expressed it, "to see the last of him."

"Don't say that!" I exclaimed quickly. "It sounds as if he were never coming back!"

Winifred laughed and called me a silly child; but she was very good to me, and never showed any impatience at my foolish speeches.

Vere had said good-bye to me at Alton Edge the day before, and had spent the night at the Manor House, so that our appearance on the platform was quite unexpected, and the few minutes we stole while waiting for the up-train were particularly sweet.

"You will be back very soon, Vere!" I asked wistfully, as he stepped into the carriage.

"On Saturday, little one—by dusk on Saturday you will see me again, and after Tuesday you will never get rid of me any more—think of that, Christabel, and rejoice in the spell of freedom that still remains to you!"

Winifred laughed, but my eyes were suddenly filled with tears.

"I don't like you to go," I said, with a little catch in my voice. "Nothing is ever right without you."

Winifred had considerately drawn back, for the final moment had all but come.

"Christabel," whispered Vere, leaning out of the window towards me, his gray eyes no longer sleepy and enigmatic, but full of meanings that were very sweet to me, "put your dear dear hands in mine,

and give me one last kiss, my darling. Be brave, my sweet one, and take care of yourself for my sake. I shall soon be back to claim you as my very own. Farewell, my love—farewell! Heaven bless and keep you!"

I had stood on tip-toe to kiss him. I was past caring whether we were seen or not. My tears ran down my cheeks as I felt his lips meet mine.

"Oh, Vere," I cried almost passionately, "why must you go away? How I wish I had you safe back!"

Then the bell clanged, the whistle sounded, the train began to move out of the station, and through a mist of blinding tears I saw the last of the dear face that was all the world to me now.

"Really, Christabel, my dear child," said Winifred, as we drove home through the dreary dusk, "you look and talk just as though you were going to lose Vere for an indefinite time instead of three or four days!"

I gave a great sigh, and unconsciously laid my hand upon my heart.

"I have such a great weight there," I said, as I began to wipe away my tears. "I feel just as if something dreadful were going to happen—something that would stop—our wedding."

Winifred smiled and patted my hand.

"I know, dear. We all of us think that when we are going to be married, or to do anything else we are very much set upon. I had the most horrid presentiments that Trevor would come to grief, or that something would happen to spoil our lives for us; but, you see, it was all silly fancy. And you, dear child, with your troublesome nerves and vivid imagination, should try very hard not to give way to idle fears. They do you a great deal of harm."

These last words were spoken with as much gravity as Winifred ever showed towards my faults. I knew she was quite right, and accepted the rebuke meekly enough.

"I know I am very foolish and nervous," I said; "but I will try to be brave. I think—after Tuesday—I shall be able to turn over a new leaf."

Winifred smiled and nodded.

"And—and," I went on hastily and timidly—"you don't think that Mr. Basset could object, do you? You know he never answered Mr. Lovelace's letter. He won't want to stop the marriage, will he?"

Winifred laughed lightly.

"He will come too late in the day to stop now. No, no, you silly child, you dismiss your foolish fears! Marcus Basset has approved the engagement all along, and the exact date for the wedding can make no mortal difference to him. He would gain nothing by being disagreeable, and men do not put themselves out of the way and draw down public odium upon themselves merely for a silly caprice. Oh, no, Marcus is not that kind of man! Besides, if he had any objection to make, he would have made it three weeks ago."

So Winifred by turns laughed at and soothed me, and by the time we had concluded our pleasant afternoon tea by the cheery blaze of the great hall fire I had grown calm and almost cheerful. After all, what had I to fear? Had not everything gone well with us all through? What folly it was to anticipate evil now!

I dressed early for dinner that day, as I wanted to try over some music that Vere had brought for me as a parting gift.

When I entered the drawing-room the candles were not lighted, nor were the curtains drawn over the unshuttered windows; but I thought that the butler would soon be coming in, so I stood by the fire, warming my hands and awaiting that functionary's presence. As however he did not appear I grew impatient and thought that I would ring the bell. To do this I had to cross the room, and as I did so my eyes fell upon one of the curtainless windows, and I suddenly stopped, feeling as though my blood were freezing in my veins.

What was it I had seen? A white, ghastly, spectral face—so at least it appeared to me—pressed close against the glass, whilst two fierce eyes glared at me through the darkness.

I do not think I had called out—I doubt whether I could have done so; but my face and attitude must have expressed deadly terror, for Winifred, who entered at the moment, uttered a sharp cry.

"What is it, Christabel—what is it, child? Christabel—speak! What have you seen?"

Her voice seemed to break the spell, and I pointed wildly to the window.

"There!" I gasped. "A face—a man's face—looking in!" But before I had begun to speak the face had disappeared.

Winifred shrieked and ran to the bell-rope, which she pulled with all her might.

"Where, Christabel? Which window?" she cried, while I sank into a chair, shivering with apprehension.

As the servants came rushing in, alarmed by the violent ringing of the bell, Winifred recovered her self-control to a certain extent.

"Close the shutters," she said, "and bring lights, and let the gardens and shrubberies be searched! There is a man—a burglar most likely—lurking about the place! He was looking into this room a moment ago. If I have a horror, it is of eyes at a window in the dark. I wish Trevor would come in! Mind you search the place well. We don't want to be murdered in our beds!"

This sentence addressed partly to me and partly to the startled servants, had hardly passed Winifred's lips when a long peal at the front-door bell set all our nerves vibrating again.

"Don't open the door!" exclaimed Winifred. "It's the burglar, I do believe!"

But I had found my voice by this time; and, catching Winifred by the hand, I drew her towards me and whispered fearfully—

"It was no robber's face I saw, Winifred. It was Marcus Basset!"

Winifred's eye-brows were elevated, and her face expressed a lively surprise.

"You may open the door," she said, just glancing over her shoulder. "Perhaps it may be Mr. Lovelace after all."

The next moment Marcus Basset walked quietly into the room.

Winifred was always mistress of the situation, whatever the circumstances might be. She held up her hands as Mr. Basset appeared, with a little gesture indicative of well-bred surprise, and then shook her head in playful reproach.

"So it was you, after all," she said, advancing to welcome him. "You can't think how you frightened us! We thought at least it was some one who had come to murder us! Don't you know there is nothing so creepy as to see a face outside the window in the dark?"

"I did not mean to frighten you," replied Mr. Basset, with his odd cold smile. "A fancy took me to look in at the window. The light, the warmth, the ruddy glow of the fire were very delightful viewed without. Christabel made an exceedingly charming picture."

He passed onwards as he spoke, and paused as he reached my chair—paused and looked keenly at me as he offered his hand. I put my cold fingers into it, and I was aware that they were still trembling.

"You are very much frightened, Christabel," he said, looking fixedly at me.

"Yes," I answered faintly, feeling all the color ebbing from my face.

"You did not recognise me, I suppose?" he went on in rather marked tone.

Before I could frame my answer Winifred came to my relief.

"Now, Marcus, you must tell us all about yourself, and why you never answered Trevor's letter. You have come to dinner, of course? Did you ride across? Oh, well, your horse will be properly looked after in the stables! Now you would like to wash your hands before dinner. Simmonds shall show you to a room."

When she had thus dismissed our visitor for a few minutes in a somewhat summary manner, she approached me with a nauseous compound that she had quickly prepared, and, when I had duly swallowed it, she gave me an impatient shake.

"Now, child, I won't have you look like that! It positively gives me a turn, and Marcus will think you know of some just cause or impediment against you wedding. Do be reasonable and brave, and get over this silly fear. I shall have to scold you seriously if you are such a sad little coward!"

Thus rallied and stimulated, both morally and physically, I did my utmost to conquer my fears and get over the nervous tremor into which the sight of Marcus Basset's face at the window had thrown me.

Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Basset came downstairs together, and we went in to dinner in a few minutes.

"You did not answer my letter, Marcus," said the former during the course of the meal.

"No; I came instead."

"Ah, to deprive me of the agreeable task of giving away so fair a bride!"

My guardian's smile was not altogether agreeable.

"I don't know about that," he answered. "It may fall to your lot after all."

We were all well aware that there was a double meaning in these words, but none of us understood their full import. Rather an uncomfortable silence followed, and Mr. Lovelace began to talk of sport, under cover of which safe subject the dinner was presently concluded.

Winifred did not encourage me to talk when we left the gentlemen, but bade me try my new music, which I did in rather a bungling fashion. When the other two joined us I left the piano and sat near to my hostess, listening rather than joining in the talk.

I was observant enough however, despite my silence, and I could not fail to notice that every time Vere's name was mentioned, or my approaching marriage, my guardian's manner changed slightly. He looked down on each occasion, and remained persistently silent; and, when Winifred good-naturedly suggested showing him some of the wedding-presents, he rather abruptly declined to look at them.

"Yours has not come yet, Marcus," remarked Mr. Lovelace, in his easy-going way. "The guardian is expected to come down handsomely, you know."

"Mine shall be forthcoming on the wedding-day," said Mr. Basset, rising abruptly. "Plenty of time for that. I must be going now, if you will kindly order my horse."

As he shook hands with me he said—

"At what hour to-morrow can I have a little private conversation with you?"

I glanced at Winifred, and said—

"At any time."

The intensity of his gaze made me tremble again; but I preserved my outward calmness.

"Shall we say twelve o'clock then?"

"Very well."

It was not until we heard the sound of his horse's hoofs die away in the distance that I opened my lips again.

"What can he want with me?" I asked faintly.

"Something about the settlements," answered Mr. Lovelace, who was lighting the bed-room candles. "Here, Christabel, take your glimmer and be gone! You look tired to death, poor child!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELIEF OF THE INDIANS.—Duality of God was the most ancient tenet of Indian faith—a prominent tenet, it may be said, in all the more advanced Oriental nations of antiquity.

They believed in the existence of two Great Spirits, as forming the perfect Godhead. One eminently great was the Good Spirit, and the inferior was an Evil Spirit.

They believed every animal to have had a great original, or father. The first buffalo, the first bear, the first beaver, the first eagle, &c., was the manitou, or guardian spirit, of the whole race of these different creatures. They chose some one of these originals as their special manitou, or guardian, and hence arose the custom of having its representation as the totem of the tribe.

Whatever they held to be superior to themselves they deified, such as the sun, moon, stars, meteors, fire, water, thunder, wind; but they never exalted their heroes or prophets above the sphere of humanity. They adored an invisible great Master of Life in various forms, which they call Manitou, and made it a sort of tutelar deity.

They had vague ideas of vicarious atonement, and made propitiatory sacrifices with great solemnity. They all had dim traditions of a deluge as an exhibition of Divine wrath, and the salvation of a family as an act of Divine mercy.

They are very superstitious, and under the direction of priestcraft they did cruel and horrible things. In their pictographic records of moral and religious thought, as well as of their mythology, they employed symbols extensively.

These were also used in writing their songs, and in musical notations. Their funeral and burial ceremonies indicated their belief in the immortality of the soul. These ceremonies were of similiar type everywhere.

They laid their dead, wrapped in skins, upon sticks in the bottom of a shallow pit, or placed them in a sitting posture, or occasionally folded them in skins, and laid them upon high scaffolds out of the reach of wild beasts, under which the relatives wept and wailed.

Their arms, utensils, paints, and food were buried with them, to be used on their long journey to the spiritland, for they had an idea that they possessed a twofold nature of matter and spirit.

In some regions they lighted a symbolic funeral pyre for several nights upon the grave, that the soul might perceive and enjoy the respects paid to the body. Everywhere they raised mounds over the graves, and planted them with wild flowers; and among the Floridians, the widows of warriors slain in battle cut off their hair, and strewed it over the graves of their beloved ones.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SOUND OF BELLS.—On the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon would say to his comrades in exile: "The sound of bells is wanting to me here, wanting. I cannot get used not to hear them. The sound of the bell never struck my ear without bringing my thoughts back to the feeling of my childhood. The 'Angelus' led me to sweet dreams. When, in the midst of my work, I overheard the first strokes of the bells, under the shaded woods of my palace of Saint Cloud, I was often thought to be preparing the campaign or a law of the empire, when I was simply going back, resting my mind, to my first recollections and the first impressions of my life. Indeed, religion is the reign of the soul; the anchor of salvage of misfortune."

THE TOMBS OF EGYPT.—There were strangely solemn pictures in the tombs of Egypt, which embody in vivid symbols the religious ideas of the nation four thousand years ago, and teach us that in the infancy of the human race, the moral sense of men led them to anticipate a retribution after death. You see the soul arraigned before the judge; the assessors ranged on either hand to note the trial; the sacred balances of justice suspended to weigh the actions or the heart of the deceased in one scale, by the figure or emblem of truth in the other; on this side the herald waiting to convey the approved into the abode of the gods, on that side the executioner waiting to lead forth the condemned. Not the Pharoah or king himself could escape this scrutiny after death.

SWAN-MAIDENS.—In the folk-lore and fabulous literature of the middle ages, common to all the north nations, these were supernatural beings, who had the power of transforming themselves into swans. When they alighted on the earth they divested themselves of their plumage and appeared as beautiful damsels. There are numerous stories of mortal man seizing upon this coat of feathers and so compelling the owner to remain in her female shape and marrying her. But in nearly all of them, the female finally succeeds in recapturing her plumage and flies away from her husband and children. This myth of the swan-maidens is evidently a reminiscence of the Valkyries, who also had the power of transforming themselves into swans. In the progress of time, the swan-maidens degenerated from supernatural beings to mere mortals, who had been changed into swans by the malice of an enchanter.

OLD SAYINGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.—From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power." "Man proposes, God disposes."—Thomas a Kempis. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is from Keats. Dean Swift thought that "Bread was the staff of life." Franklin said "God helps those who help themselves." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Thomas Southern reminds us that pity's akin to love." Washington Irving gives us "The Almighty Dollar." Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." "Variety's the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear."—Cowper. "When Greek joins Greek then was the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee, 1692. Charles Pinckney gives "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Edward Young tells us that "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed." We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

SMALL SCREWS.—It is asserted that the smallest screws in the world are used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel wheel screw is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust; with a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 300 threads to the inch, and with very fine glass threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are 4-1000ths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double; it is also estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws. No attempt is ever made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place 100 of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. After being cut, the screws are hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time. The plate on which the polishing is performed is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion.

RESURRECTION.

BY J. O. HOWDEN.

The Winter morn of cheerless gray
  Dawns slowly up the sky;
And in the cold, bleak light of day,
  The drifting snow-wreaths lie.

And all green things are lost to sight
  Beneath a weight of snow,
And down into the cold, dark night
  The Winter day doth go.

But 'mid the gloom of wintry skies,
  I see a vision fair
Of fresh Spring morns that brightly rise
  With sweet and balmy air.

Even thus, most gracious Lord, amid
  The gloom of death, we see
Life everlasting, safely hid
  And garnered, Lord, in Thee.

The dreary grave is but the field
  Where lies the hopeful grain,
And what with many a tear we yield,
  Shall be our own again.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

WHEN she and Paul went down to the Lyric in the evening they found an immense crowd waiting outside the pit and gallery doors, early as it was.

"'The Imprisoned Princess' has a long life before her yet, Paul," she said, with a smile.

It never occurred to her that the mob of people was so much greater that night because they were anxious to see her after the affair at the Midnight Club.

Inside the theatre the excitement and interest were as keen as with the public, and Mr. Stapleson gave her quite a reception as he pushed his way towards her.

"But for your note, Miss Howard," he said, loud enough to be heard by the curious and eager little crowd surrounding them, "I should have instructed my solicitor to take proceedings against the duke! I'm only the manager of a theatre, and he's a duke, but I'm given to understand that the law is alike for the rich and the poor; and, by Heaven! if you hadn't held my hand, I would have had him up at the police court, duke though he is! As for that other fellow, who they tell me has been hanging about the theatre, I'll break his neck the moment he gives me the chance of getting hold of him!"

"No, no!" said Iris quickly, and beginning to tremble. "Please, let the whole matter drop now, Mr. Stapleson."

"Miss Howard is quite right," said Mrs. Berry, who had been standing by, listening quietly and watching Iris's face. "She has been promptly avenged, and the public quite understand the story. For her own sake it will be better to let the matter drop. The less fuss about an actress the better for her," and drawing Iris's arm through her own, she led her to her dressing room.

"Now tell me all about it, dear," she said, closing the door; and when Iris had told her, the old actress and woman of the world nodded with pursed lips.

"You behaved very well, my dear," she said. "Some girls would have fainted, or gone into hysterics. As to the duke, he is an evil little monkey, and your friend, Lord Montacute, served him as he deserved. Is it true, dear,—forgive me for asking—that you and he are engaged? The papers say so, you know."

Iris blushed, then turned pale.

"No; it is not true," she replied simply. "He is an old friend—a friend of my father's—she stopped, and her voice broke.

"Yes, yes; I understand," said Mrs. Berry quickly and soothingly. "Never mind the papers, dear. They are too fond of indulging in tittle-tattle about famous people; that's the penalty the said famous people must pay for their greatness. We shall have a big house to-night," she added.

"Yes," said Iris innocently; "I saw that there was a tremendous crowd outside as I came in."

Mrs. Berry smiled slightly behind Iris's back.

"You must play your best to-night, my dear," she said. "You mustn't let them think that you are upset by last night's affair."

Iris moved her head proudly.

"Do you think that I mean to let so despicable a creature as the Duke of Rosdale interfere with my duty?" she said proudly.

Mrs. Berry stooped and kissed her, saying quietly:

"You are a true actress, my dear."

Resolved as she was to show that she was unmoved by the Midnight incident, Iris's heart beat rather quickly as she appeared on the stage, but she stopped short with a kind of surprise at the reception accorded her.

Scarcely anyone in the theatre—and it was crammed from pit to gallery—was ignorant of the insult that had been offered her, and everyone had come determined to express his indignation at the treatment she had received, and sympathized with her.

When she appeared, therefore, looking so young and beautiful in her pretty costume, a roar of welcome rang through the large theatre, repeated two or three times.

Her name was shouted with accents of approval, and presently, someone calling for three cheers for Miss Howard, every man and woman rose, and the building rang again.

Iris stood, pale as death, behind her paint and powder, her head lowered, her eyes fixed on the stage, and the very modesty of her attitude moved the house more than any stage curtesy or bows with which another and more experienced actress might have acknowledged their sympathy.

It seemed as if they would never be quiet, and Iris tremblingly resolved to commence the song.

The house saw her open her lips, and amidst cries of order and silence, settled down into quietness.

She had scarcely got through the first scene when the duke entered his box.

It was a piece of bravado on his part, from which his friends tried to dissuade him, but he had declared at the club that he would go and see how the little Howard looked after her "scene," and the people in front of the house, being too much in awe of his title to stop him, never prevented him to enter as usual.

For a minute or two he sat behind the curtain, then, getting bolder, he leant forward and levelled his opera-glass at Iris.

As she saw him, and her face grew crimson and her heart throbbed with indignation, her voice faltered for a moment, then ceased.

The house seemed to start with painful surprise, and began to applaud encouragingly; but suddenly someone called out "The duke!" and pointed straight to the wrinkled face grinning over the front of the box.

Instantly a yell—the yell of a mob smitten with rage at an outrage inflicted on its favorite—rose, and men sprang to their feet and bounded into the gangways.

Cries of "Shame!" "Turn him out!" "Lynch him!" spread like lightning through the theatre; women shrieked, and the ladies in the stalls rose and huddled together.

"Throw him down to us!" yelled a voice in the pit, and a man, darting from the crowd, began to clamber up the front of the boxes.

In the midst of the din Iris stood white and trembling, powerless to move, as it seemed to her, her eyes fixed on the face of the duke, which was now livid with terror as he shrank back from the hundreds of eyes that glared up at him.

Suddenly Mr. Stapleson stood at her side, his hand upon his heart, his lips moving, though not a word could be heard in the fearful din.

"Oh, Mr. Stapleson!" panted Iris, "they—they will kill him!"

"By Heaven, I think they will!" he said, pale and anxious, "and serve him right," he added, savagely; "why did he come here to brazen it out? Duke as he is, the English public will make him answer for last night's insult to an innocent and unprotected woman with his life!"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Iris, in an agony. "Save him, Mr. Stapleson!"

"How can I save him!" he retorted, almost angrily, but he ran round the wings, and reaching the duke's box, burst open the door.

"For Heaven's sake, get out of it!" he said. "Quick! go round by the stage," and cowering in the midst of two or three of his intimates, the miserable man struggled away.

A yell arose as Mr. Stapleson came to the front of the box, and the crowd understood that their prey had escaped them, and after a minute or two he got silence.

"Manager, manager! Order! Listen to him!" rose quickly from all parts of the house.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I beg to inform you that the—the gentleman has left the house, and that—" he added by a sudden inspiration—"he will never again enter it while I have the honor to remain the manager."

A cheer rose, and Mr. Stapleson, improving the occasion, continued:

"On behalf of Miss Howard, ladies and gentlemen, I beg permission to thank you with most sincere and heartfelt gratitude for the sympathy which have expressed for her, and for the manner in which you have shown that you resent an affront offered to an honorable young lady! Miss Howard begs that you will permit her to express her gratitude by allowing the opera to continue."

A roar of approval greeted this diplomatic speech, and it increased tenfold as Mr. Stapleson, skipping nimbly back to the stage, led Iris forward.

CHAPTER XXX.

LORD HERON had been caught! That was what the county declared, and not one in a hundred but declined to believe that Lady Lilian Foyle had anything whatever the matter with her foot!

But Lady Lilian, having won the game, could afford to laugh at those who had lost it.

She was perfectly indifferent to what the county, or, for that matter, all England, said about her.

She had told her father that she would not leave the Revels until Lord Heron had asked her to return as its mistress, and she had kept her word.

It was wonderful how soon her foot recovered from its injury after Lord Heron's proposal, and after a few days she was back at the Priory, and already beginning to make preparations for her wedding trousseau.

"I don't believe in long engagements," Lord Foyle said, when he congratulated her, and he looked at her from the corners of his eyes with a significance which Lady Lilian fully appreciated and understood. "Long engagements are a mistake, especially when the persons are of your and Heron Coverdale's rank; besides, you are both old enough to know your own minds, and—and——"

"And as the proverb about the slip and the lip is still extant, the sooner I seize my cup the better," she said, with a smile. "Don't be afraid, papa; there will be no slip between the cup and the lip in this case. I meant being the Countess of Coverdale and mistress of the Revels, and I mean it still."

"That's all right," said Lord Foyle with his shifty glance. "You are a very clever girl, I know, Lilian; I always said so——"

"I am your daughter, and couldn't well be anything else," she put in drily.

Lord Foyle rubbed his chin gently and smiled.

"All right," he said. "But clever people are none the worse for a little advice, and my advice to you is, plainly and bluntly, when Heron asks you to name the happy day, name an early one!"

"That is very plain and blunt!" she said, making a little grimace. "One would think that I was going to marry Heron against his will, papa!" and she quietly laughed.

He smiled, the sharp calculating smile for which so many persons detested him.

"Well, if you ask me, I don't think he is a very ardent lover."

"I didn't ask you," she retorted. "Ardent? Who is ardent nowadays? Do you want him to come and serenade me of an evening, or walk about the village with me arm in arm like a laborer and a dairymaid! He is here every day, and never comes without a bouquet of flowers, and he drives me about and rides with me whenever it is cool enough, and when it isn't he is willing to sit by my side by the hour together! I don't see what more you want or can expect of him!"

"All right," said the earl in his cool irritating fashion. "But don't forget my word in season, my dear," and he sauntered off with his cigar in the corner of his mouth and his keen eyes fixed on the ground, leaving Lady Lilian to her congenial employment of ordering a batch of dresses from the French dressmaker, who would give her unlimited credit now that it was known she was to become the Countess of Coverdale and the wife of a millionaire!

And Lord Heron? Was he or was he not an ardent lover?

He had never asked himself this question. Indeed, at this period he carefully avoided asking himself any question respecting this thing that he had done.

He had proposed to Lady Lilian on the spur of the moment when smarting under newspaper paragraphs which had announced Iris's engagement to Lord Montacute.

If he regretted his hasty words he did not admit such regret to himself; it was all a matter of pure indifference to him.

If he could not marry Iris it was of very little consequence whom he married, and as Lady Lilian had declared that he could make her happy—well, some good would result of the bargain.

For the rest he prevented himself from reflecting upon his approaching marriage, as a man avoids dwelling upon some event which he had rendered inevitable and which he does not regret.

If not an ardent lover, he was, as Lady Lilian had said, an exceedingly attentive one.

He sat, and walked, and rode with her constantly, and his manner towards her was all that a woman could desire in these prosaic times, when sentiment is voted bad form and a bore; and he was proud to admit that she was a very charming companion.

Indeed, it was she who did most of the talking and entertaining, and he generally sat in silence listening with a faint smile, which sometimes grew abstracted; as if his thoughts were far away and centred in some subject in which she had no part or lot.

He was not only an attentive lover, but a generous one, and his gifts did not always take the shape of flowers.

Lady Lilian's jewel case already contained some costly articles which had accompanied the bouquets of which she had spoken.

A week passed and one morning Lord Heron paid a short visit to Mr. Barrington.

"I have come to consult you about my marriage," he said almost abruptly, as they shook hands.

The old lawyer nodded. He noticed, as he could not have failed to do, the alteration in Lord Heron's manner and appearance.

The old pleasant smile and frank engaging air seemed to have completely vanished, and to have given place to a grave impassability that only changed at times to a quick irritability which formed a striking contrast to his former good-tempered light heartedness.

"You know that I have been accepted by Lady Lilian Foyle?"

"Yes," said Mr. Barrington; "and I offer my respectful congratulations and good wishes, my lord."

"Thanks," said Lord Heron gravely. "I want to speak to you about the settlements," he continued, sinking into a chair, but looking about with a restless air which did not escape the keen eyes of the old lawyer. "You know best what shape and amount they should take,—I leave it to you; but I want you to remember one fact, in everything you may do."

"And that, my lord?"

"Is that one half of the estates and moneys, one half the property I am possessed of must be left free for Miss Knighton's acceptation if ever she should be prevailed upon to accord it."

Mr. Barrington nodded and sighed.

"Which will never be," he said

Lord Heron colored, and, he too, sighed, but with restless impatience.

"For Heaven's sake, do not let us discuss it," he exclaimed; "the very mention of her name stabs me!"

Mr. Barrington looked at him very attentively.

"I meant that there was less likelihood of her accepting it now than there has ever been," he explained. "She is making a large income in her profession, and if there is any reliance to be placed in these newspaper rumors, she will make a wealthy marriage."

Lord Heron started up and began pacing up and down the office.

"You think it is true?" he said, trying to speak calmly.

"Yes," said Mr. Barrington. "I know that Lord Mantacute proposed to her before—and after—her father died. They were old friends, and this result is only a natural one. Oh, yes; I think it is true. Lord Mansoute has said nothing to me—written, I mean, for I have not seen him since he left Knighton to seek her. I trust that whatever she does may conduce to her happiness, poor girl! Though, perhaps," he added with a smile, "my sympathy is instinctive and uncalled for; seeing that she is now rich and famous I ought not to have said 'poor girl!'"

Lord Heron sank into the chair again.

"Have you heard—is there anything fresh?" he said.

"No; they gave her a wonderful reception the other night at the theatre, and nearly mobbed the duke, who unfortunately got off safely," said Mr. Barrington, a flush rising to his withered cheeks.

Lord Heron's hands clenched tightly.

"I would give all I am possessed of to stand opposite him at thirty paces," he said; "but that is Lord Montacute's right now, not mine," and he hung his head and stifled a sigh.

"Lord Montacute appears to have punished him pretty effectively," said Mr. Barrington; "and about these settlements, my lord?"

Lord Heron rose.

"Do what you like," he said indifferently, almost wearily. "Anything that Lord Foyle approves of will please me."

The old lawyer, who knew Lord Foyle, looked rather grim.

"Very well," he said. "Then the settlements will be heavy ones, my lord."

"Oh, yes," assented Lord Heron, taking up his hat. "But remember, one half of the property is to remain untouched, so be absolutely reserved for—for Miss Knighton to accept at any moment she pleases."

"I quite understand," responded Mr. Barrington; "but, as I said, there is less probability than ever——"

Lord Heron struck the floor with his riding whip.

"I know, I know!" he exclaimed impatiently.

"And your marriage, my lord?" said Mr. Barrington; "is the date fixed, may I ask?"

"Lady Lilian will fix it to-day, I hope," said Lord Heron. "We shall go abroad, and be away for some time," he added restlessly; "for years, perhaps, if Lady Lilian be willing. I loath England, and the Revels particularly."

"A place to be proud of," remarked Mr. Barrington quietly.

"Yes, yes," assented Lord Heron. "But a place that is filled with sad memories for me. There is not a room, not an inch of the place, that does not remind me——"

He stopped as if he had said too much, and held out his hand with a sigh.

"Life is a game of cross-purposes," he said.

"And of all games that the sons of men indulge in, that is the sorriest and saddest, my lord," said the old man grimly.

That evening, when Lord Foyle entered the drawing-room, a few minutes before dinner, Lady Lilian looked up at him from the depths of an easy-chair with a smile of quiet triumph.

"Papa, do you think you could get some new clothes by six weeks?"

"New clothes!" he exclaimed, then stopped short.

"Yes, for my wedding, you know. You will want new clothes, I suppose?"

"Six weeks! So soon? Really!" he said, his sharp face lighting up; and he bent down and patted her cheek approvingly. "Good girl! You have taken my advice, then! Six weeks, and you will be the Countess of Coverdale——"

"And you the father of the mistress of Knighton Revels," she added, with a cold smile. "Yes, Heron asked me to-day; he is anxious that the ceremony should take place soon, because he wants to leave England. We shall be away for some time—months—a year, perhaps."

"What is that for?" he inquired very sharply.

She quickly shrugged her snowy shoulders.

"I don't know. But it is my lord and master's wish."

"It seems a pity to leave that beautiful place, to shut it up," he muttered.

"Doesn't it?" she assented. "A place like the Revels runs to ruin when it is left for so long. I wonder, papa, whether you could be induced to take charge of it while we are away?" and she raised her fan to her lips to hide the sarcastic smile with which she made the suggestion.

Lord Foyle's eyes twinkled.

"Hem!" he said, affecting to hesitate. "Well, we'll see. Have you mentioned this matter to Heron?"

"Not yet, but I will do so if you like," she answered. "I am sure he will be delighted—that is, if he can be delighted about anything," and she laughed, a not particularly merry laugh.

"Hem, yes!" mused Lord Foyle. "He doesn't seem to care much about anything, does he? Does he dine here to-night?"

"No, but he will come down after dinner."

"Then you might just sound him," he said, with affected carelessness. "The shooting would be first-rate. I could get a nice little party together, and—and ——"

"Live like a prince at another person's expense," she finished, with a smile. "And that's your idea of perfect bliss, isn't it, papa?"

"And not a bad idea either!" he retorted coolly.

It was so good an idea that he talked of it all dinner time, and when the meal was finished, lighted a cigar and got his hat.

"I'll go for a stroll," he said considerately; "two are company and three are none, especially when the two have a quantity of billing and cooing to get through. You will not miss me, I am afraid."

It was a lovely evening, and Lady Lilian went and seated herself in a comfortable chair under the verandah to await Lord Heron, and to revel by anticipation, in her coming triumph.

Six weeks! They would soon pass, and then! As with a smile, she pictured herself reigning the mistress of the Revels, the principal lady in the county, a man's step sounded on the smooth gravel, and she thought it was that of Lord Heron; but suddenly it struck her that the footsteps were lighter than his, and turning her head she saw a tall, dark man standing within a few paces, and regarding her with an insinuating smile.

The man's face had an expression of confidence that was almost insolent in its ease, and struck her at once.

As she turned her head, he raised his hat, a soft, broad wideawake, and in a smooth voice said:

"Have I the honor of addressing Lady Lilian Foyle?"

Lady Lilian regarded him silently for a moment.

She saw that he was a foreigner, and at once concluded that he had come to sell steel pens, or had brought a begging letter; then, as she noticed that he was well and carefully dressed, she dismissed that idea, and wondering what the man could want, replied:

"I am Lady Lilian Loyle, yes."

"The question was scarcely necessary," said the signor with a wave of his hat; "Lady Lilian Foyle's beauty and grace are too well-known to leave one in doubt of her identity."

"Do you want to see my father, Lord Foyle?" she asked, cutting him short. "He has gone out."

"I know it, my lady," he said; "I watched him leave the house!" and he waved his white claw in the direction Lord Foyle had taken. "No! it was yourself I wished to see and speak with, if you will allow me that great and priceless honor."

"You appear to have taken it without waiting my consent," she returned with a cold smile. "What do you wish to say to me?"

The signor drew nearer, and looked down at her with a half insolent admiration.

"I have a matter of business," he gently began.

Lady Lilian regarded him rather haughtily from under her half closed lids.

"The servants' entrance is at the other side of the house," she said, turning her head from him as if she had done with him.

The signor's eyes flashed evilly.

"Pardon, my lady," he said; "my business is with your ladyship."

"Really?" she said languidly. "Pray what may it be?" and for all her haughtiness she glanced up at him with barely concealed curiosity.

"It is business of the utmost importance ——"

"To yourself, no doubt," she broke in serenely. "You had better see my father; come at a more convenient time and perhaps he will see you."

He laughed softly.

"I think that presently you will admit that your father is the last person I should see," he said coolly. "My lady, I came because it is in my power to do you a great service."

She laughed incredulously.

"That sounds highly improbable," she said.

"Saints and angels!" he exclaimed. "If you will not listen to me, say so at once, and I will carry my services elsewhere! I shall not have to carry them very far!" and he pointed to the Revels significantly.

She looked at him intently for a moment or two.

"You have come to threaten me?" she said. "You want money. You are wasting your time, sir. If you think Lord Coverdale will listen to you more patiently than I shall, pray go to him—or if you remain for half-an-hour you can see him here."

"It is you who now threaten me!" he said with a cunning smile. "Bah! my lady, let us come to an understanding! It is a sin and a shame that two such persons of the world—two such kindred spirits—should fence and parry with each other! I have not come to threaten you. Saints and angels! when has Baptiste Ricardo stooped to threaten one of your charming sex? No! I have come to you because I have something to tell you."

"Something I am afraid I shall not want," said Lady Lilian indifferently. "Is it pens, lace——"

The signor grinned and spread out his hands.

"Do I look like it?" he said. "No! I have something more valuable than such trumpery! I am no pedlar, Lady Lilian. Per Bacco, I am a gentleman!" and he made her a low bow. "And I came to sell you—a secret!"

He came close to her and dropped the word in a whisper, but Lady Lilian merely smiled incredulously.

"Thanks. I have too many of my own," she retorted sanguidly. "You had much better go to the servants' entrance——"

The signor's face grew white and his lips twitched.

"Good!" he said. "Look at me!"

She did so, and he drew himself up to his full height and pointed his claw at her impressively.

"In six weeks time—aye, on the day of your marriage, my lady!—I will remind you of that speech! When the secret is out, and the crash has come, and you are half mad with rage, and those proud eyes are shedding burning tears, it will be my turn to bid you go to the servants' hall, my Lady Lilian."

She smiled with lazy contempt.

"Are you an actor from a traveling theatre, or an escaped lunatic?" she said half to herself.

The signor shut his white teeth with a click, but even in his anger he could not withhold his meed of admiration.

"You are a clever lady, saints and angels, yes!" he said, forcing a smile. "All the better! I like it! I would rather do business with one clever woman such as you, than a hundred everyday fools! Soh, I am an actor! Good! Then permit me to give you a sketch of the little drama I am going to play."

She sat and watched him steadily and with the same haughty sneer of contemptuous amusement; and yet a suspicion was beginning to dawn upon her that there might be some reason in his madness, and that he might have something to tell which it would be well for her to know.

"The characters in the play are few," he said, quite aware of what was passing in her mind. "We have first, a young and wealthy peer of the realm, owner of one of the largest and most magnificent estates in England. I mention no names! Secondly, we have a most lovely and charming young lady, who is to marry the hero of the drama. Thirdly, there is another young lady, who would, but——" and he shrugged his shoulders,—"but for an accident, have been the owner of this immense wealth instead of the hero; and, fourthly, we have a gentleman, who is a friend of all three, but who is especially the friend of the charming young bride of the hero. Good! Now, on the eve of the marriage, number four,"—and he touched his breast—"presents himself to the bride, and he offers,"—he drew nearer—"to sell her a secret. At first she receives him scornfully——"

Lady Lilian acquiesced with a haughty smile.

"—Scornfully! but when he tells her that he could deprive the man she is going to marry of all his wealth, and reduce him to a condition little better than that of a pauper, she——" he stopped and smiled triumphantly, for Lady Lilian had started and the scorn had quickly vanished. "Soh!" he said softly; "I have touched you at last, my lady!"

"Your drama is a farce and a burlesque, sir," she said, recovering her old manner with an effort.

"Oh, but stay," he said insinuatingly; "it is not finished! I proceed! The lady, not unnaturally, declines to place any confidence in the gentleman, and is generally incredulous. Good! He proceeds at once to prove his statement. In few words, coming to the point at once, he says," and he pointed his finger at her, "that Lord Coverdale,—tut, I have given the name, no matter!—Lord Coverdale inherited the Knighton estates in consequence of Godfrey Knighton having made no will."

Lady Lilian leant forward with suppressed eagerness.

"But I say, my lady, that Godfrey Knighton made a will in which he left everything of which he was possessed to his daughter, Iris Knighton!"

"That is false!" she murmured, taken off her guard.

He smiled pleasantly.

"No, it is true. And how do I know, you ask?"

"I do ask it!" she said, coldly.

"Saints and angels, because I stole it!" he retorted coolly.

Lady Lilian looked at him with mingled incredulity and amazement.

"You stole it!" she said.

"Certes, yes!" he assented, stroking his moustache. "I stole it, and I hid it. I fancied that some day it would gain in value, and—" with a smile,—"I don't think I was far wrong."

Lady Lilian leant back and shaded her eyes with her hand.

In a moment her subtle brain had mastered the situation.

The will would reduce Lord Heron to his old condition of semi-poverty, would render it impossible for her to be the mistress of Coverdale, would snatch the Revels from her grasp, and restore it to the girl of whom she had heard, and whom she already hated as a suspected rival!

And the key to this powder magazine was held by this sleek and smooth-spoken scoundrel, who could, with a word, blow her future to atoms, dispel all her bright dreams into thin air!

That he must be bought and at once was evident.

But how could she, without money, hope to bribe him?

"This is a most extraordinary story," she said at last.

"Not in the least, my lady," he retorted. "I found the will, and I thought it politic to put it out of the way for awhile. Lord Heron is in possession of this property by my good will and at my pleasure. It is for you to say whether he shall continue the master of the Revels or Miss Knighton is to come back again."

"For me!" she said, in a low voice, her gaze meeting his steadily.

"For you!" he repeated. "I could go to Lord Heron, of course, but"—he smiled—"I'm afraid that I should not be able to do business with him."

"You think I am not so scrupulous!" said Lady Lilian, flushing with a sudden shame.

"Exactly!" assented the signor, with a soft smile; "or, to put it more politely, I think you are more sensible. I'm to understand that I was correct, my lady?"

She sat silent for a moment.

"Your story may be true," she said slowly, raising her eyes to his. "For argument's sake, we will say that it is. Where is this will, and what is the price you ask for it?"

"The will is safe, and where I can put my hand upon it when I want it, and as to the price, your ladyship will admit it is not an exorbitant one."

He took a paper from his pocket and handed it to her.

"A little document, quite a simple affair," he said. "You have but to sign this, and I will exchange it for the will."

Lady Lilian looked at the amount of the promissory note, and her face paled.

"If you know half as much of my affairs as you pretend, sir, you must be aware that it is utterly out of my power to pay such a sum of money as this."

"Now—yes, perhaps; but not when you are Lord Coverdale's wife," he said, with an insinuating smile.

Lady Lilian thought for a moment.

"And suppose I refuse?" she said looking up at him quickly.

"Such a supposition would be too absurd!" he retorted shrugging his shoulders. "Lady Lilian's affection for her future husband is too great to permit her to hold her hand from rescuing him from ruin."

"That is your strongest argument," she said coloring.

The signor hid a sneer behind his hand as he stroked his moustache.

She was silent again, pondering deeply, then she said slowly—

"You have run some risk in case of my refusing. Why did you not wait until—until after the ceremony?"

He spread out his hands.

"Spoken like a clever woman! Lady Lilian, I will be as frank as yourself; I will respond to your charming confidence! Certes! it would have been better waiting, but sometimes one cannot wait. I am pining for my native country, my beloved Italy——"

Lady Lilian smiled.

"It would be dangerous for you to remain in England ——"

"I admit it, and I place myself in your ladyship's charming hands!" said the signor with a grand air of confidence and reliance. "To-morrow—if you agree to my little proposition—I leave England forever. Lady Lilian need not fear that I shall ever trouble her again. Saints and angels, no! Your country is a beautiful and seductive one, but," he shrugged his shoulders, "I like it not!"

"I understand," she said comprehensively; "and the—the will. When will you bring it to me?"

"Ah! why are not all your country women so quick and prompt?" exclaimed the signor admiringly. "To-night; there is a little thicket—shrubbery, what you call it—by the lilie in the hollow there," and he pointed to a small plantation somewhat below the lawn. "I will be in waiting as the clock strikes the half hour past eleven. Lady Lilian will sign that little note and we will make the exchange. When she is married I will send a friend to her with the note, and she can give him the money and——" he snapped his fingers, "the business is done! My Lord Coverdale and his lovely bride will retain their own, and the poor gentleman who has the honor to stand before you will enjoy the little competency his skill and foresight have entitled him to; and he will also have the satisfaction of feeling that he has rendered a slight service to one who transcends all her sex in beauty and genius!" and he made an elaborate bow.

Lady Lilian turned her face—it was very white now—away from him, while the struggle against the terrible temptation raged in her breast; then, with a gesture of determination, she turned towards him.

"I will trust you," she said. "I will be there. You may be deceiving me for some purpose of your own, but—but—yes, I will trust you!"

"My lady knows that I am incapable of deceiving her!" he said with a grandiloquent air. "She will do me justice before we say our last farewell to-night! Until then I am content to wait!"

The sound of a horse coming rapidly down the lane startled them both, and Lady Lilian, raising her hand warningly, motioned to him to go.

It was not a moment too soon; for the signor had scarcely glided into the shrubbery when Lord Heron rode up.

"I am late," he said, flinging the bridle over his arm, and raising her hands to his lips. "Mrs. Hartley was taken ill, and I rode round for the doctor. How well you are looking to-night, Lilian," he broke off, with great admiration.

"Am I?" she said, leaning her head against his shoulder. "Because I am flushed? I have been asleep, I think, Heron; tired out with waiting for you, sir! And Mrs. Hartley is ill? I am so sorry! Don't go round to the stables until you tell me all about it," she added caressingly, for her keen eyes could see the signor slinking across the path which Lord Heron would take on his way to the yard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JAPANESE GIRL'S TOILET.—A traveler who is traveling round the world, is now in Japan. Here is something readable from one of his letters:

Having watched the man, we now turned to the barberess. She had a lady customer, whose rich robes and ladylike demeanor indicated social position, and whose face and form showed considerable personal beauty.

Neither of the ladies took any other notice of us than to glance at us once sidewise. The customer, after leaving her clog sandals at the edge of the platform, which is the floor of the open Japanese houses, and advancing barefooted to the middle of the room, made a low bow to the barberess, and told her how she wished to be dressed.

The barberess placed a mat upon it, then, removing the robe from her shoulders, began to work upon her hair—first, until it was softened sufficiently to admit a comb.

When the combing was done, all the hair was gathered back from the face to the crown, and tied there. Then the long tail was waxed and oiled until it was stiff. It was next flattened out with the hands near the head, and the end gathered around this flat piece in curious curls and fantastic braids, the end fastened with a pin, and the face and neck wiped dry with a towel.

Then began a process for which I was wholly unprepared. I had not supposed the Japanese to be so near civilized.

The "barberess" took up a little bag, with a fine bamboo sieve in the end, and, after telling the customer to shut her eyes, began to throw (or sift) the fine rice flour (or dust) upon the young lady's face and shoulders.

Very soon the skin that was naturally copper-colored was artificially white. That portion of the flour which did not stick was brushed off with a feather brush, after which a piece of bark of some kind was rubbed on her cheeks until "red as a rose was she."

Then, for the first time, a polished piece of iron or steel, serving for a mirror, was held up before young lady, who smiled her approval, rose to her feet, gathered up her dress, and marched proudly off, leaving the "barberess" to await another customer.

THE PRINCIPLE OF IT.—"It is not so much the value of the amount at stake," said an ex-official, one Philip Conley, "that induces me to press my claim against the United States Treasury. It is the principle of the thing that makes me determined to persevere. The debt has been owing now for thirty years. In all probability, money was at one time set apart for its satisfaction, and, unless the money has been misapplied, it ought to be still available."

Such was the language which the persistent Conley held to General Rosecrans, the Registrar of the Treasury, who, in 1857, wrote to the applicant concerning the claim:

"You should request payment thereof, and you might state that you hope that the neglect of the Treasury Department to settle your claim, which, though small, is evidently just, may not have rendered it inconvenient for the Department to do so, and that such a settlement would at least be an illustration of the accuracy of the Government book-keeping."

Mr. Conley followed the general's advice and was, in reply, informed that, although the claim was fully admitted, there was no available fund out of which it could be satisfied. Congress, therefore, had to vote the necessary money; and, at last, a warrant for the amount in full reached the applicant. The warrant read: "Pay to the order of Poilip Conley, ex-collector of Customs, Chicago, five cents."

But, as Conley said, he stood up for the principle of the thing.

IF we were faultless, we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. If we were to acknowledge honestly that we have not virtue enough to bear patiently with our neighbor's weaknesses, we should show our own imperfection, and this alarms our vanity.

DON'T WORRY.

BY C. D.

Don't worry at trifles and troubles,
Nor fret when misfortune appears;
Heeding each burden but doubles,
And evils delay not for tears.

Time wasted in useless complaining
Is wealth we might use thrown away.
Better wisely to use that remaining,
Employing each hour of each day.

Who conquers the present, improving
Each hour of the here and the now,
Gains a place in that circle which, moving,
Brings the prized laurel-wreath to his brow.

WITHIN AN ACE.

BY E. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER I.

SIR DENZIL and Lady Carisbrooke had been married exactly six months; and (I don't expect to be believed, but it is true) in that time they had not had the faintest approach to a quarrel—no, nor even a difference.

And this was the more remarkable, as Carisbrooke, besides possessing a strong will and a certain inherent obstinacy of disposition, also possessed what his male friends and acquaintances were wont to call "a devil of a temper."

Joan too (Lady Carisbrooke's baptismal name was Joan) could be upon occasion somewhat of a vixen.

So far, however, these little idiosyncrasies had retired comparatively into the background.

Carisbrooke was the most indulgent of husbands, and in little unimportant matters, yielded to his pretty wife with a good-humored submission which might well lead one to suppose him easy-going to the last degree.

Nevertheless, let him once make up his mind to a certain course to be pursued—or not to be pursued, as the case might be—and he was unyielding as a rock.

His wife knew and acknowledged this, and she had hitherto given in on these occasions with a bewitching grace which made her lord and master more in love with her than ever.

At the time of which I write they had come up from Lincolnshire for the season to their pretty house in Mayfair.

Society was pleased to make much of Lady Carisbrooke; and Denzil—who from his youth up had abhorred fashionable crushes of every description, and looked upon garden parties, flower-shows, afternoon and evening "at homes," etc., etc., as distinct nuisances and unmitigated bores—was nevertheless proud enough of his charming wife to escort her patiently and dutifully to each and all of these places of entertainment without more than the average amount of grumbling.

He had a gratified sense of possession, too, in noting how much admired she was, and smiled indulgently upon her innocent little coquetries and harmless semi-flirtations.

Secure in her love for him, he was quite content that all men should pay her the homage which always falls to the lot of a lovely and fascinating woman.

As a lover he had been jealous as Othello; as a husband, it appeared, he was quite the reverse. At least so he said.

"A jealous husband is the most contemptible of beings," he had said to Joan once, soon after their marriage, in discussing some mutual friend's domestic squabbles. "I should never be jealous of another man's attentions to my wife—unless I had very good reason. And," with a quick contraction of his brows, "if I had good reason neither of them should have the chance of rousing my jealousy a second time, I swear."

As a matter of fact, Joan had never given him hitherto the faintest shadow of an excuse for being jealous. But that is a mere detail.

So things went on in this highly satisfactory way until one bright day towards the middle of June—a day which Joan was destined to remember all her life.

Carisbrooke had retired to his own particular den shortly after luncheon to write some important letters.

These disposed of, he was just preparing for an undisturbed half-hour with the papers and his cigar-case, when the door opened, and his wife entered, dressed for driving.

"Going out, darling?" said Carisbrooke, passing his arm lightly round her as she stood beside him, her head barely reaching his shoulder. "You don't want me, I hope?"

"No," she said with a little upward smile. "I don't want you."

"By the way," Denzil continued with a slight frown, "I have just remembered there is something I want to say to you, Joan. I noticed that you gave George Fitzroy at least three waltzes last night, besides sitting out one or two more. Now, little woman, I don't like that sort of thing, especially with a fellow like Fitzroy, who——"

"But, Denzil," interrupted Joan, "he does waltz so exquisitely!"

"That's nothing to the point," was the hasty answer. "Another thing—I saw that woman, his sister, Mrs. Damer, had left cards here the other day. Now, look here, darling, I don't want you to have anything to do with either of them. He is a confounded puppy, and—in short, for several reasons, I particularly object to him as an acquaintance for you. As for Mrs. Damer—well—er—in more ways than one I consider her fearfully bad form. I am not strait-laced, but there are some things at which I do draw the line. So drop them, darling. I meant to have spoken to you about this before."

And Carisbrooke, evidently considering the matter settled, kissed his wife and selected a cigar.

"But, Denzil, dear," exclaimed Joan in rather dismayed tones, "I have promised to drive over to Mrs. Damer's this very afternoon. She and I, and her brother and her brother and Captain Fyre, are all going to the Colinderies."

"You will certainly do nothing of the kind," he answered quickly, pausing in the act of lighting his cigar.

"But, dear," she remonstrated, "I have promised."

"Then you must send a note to decline," said her husband in his most decided tones.

"Oh, I can't do that, Denzil."

"Nevertheless, darling, you will do it to please me, I know," he replied, leaning his back against the mantelpiece, and surveying her with quizzically down-drooped eyelids.

He was a good-looking fellow, was Carisbrooke; tall, well-built, thorough-bred—an Englishman and a gentleman from the crown of his well-shaped head to the soles of his well-cut boots.

"Won't you, dear?" he continued, with the suspicion of a smile just visible under the sweep of his brown moustache.

"No, Denzil," Joan answered, after an infinitesimal pause. "You know I would do anything in reason to please you; but you can't expect me to break a promise."

"As to that," he said quietly, "I think you promised, not so very long ago—if my memory serves me—to have a particular regard for any wishes of mine; did you not?"

"Well!" with a saucy little laugh. "And you promised to 'cherish' me, did you not? And it is not cherishing me to thwart my wishes. So, my most autocratic of husbands, I am afraid I must disobey you!"

Carisbrooke removed his cigar from his lips and laid it down with deliberate care.

"My dear little girl," he said, taking her hands in his and speaking very gravely and tenderly, "you have yet to learn, it seems, that when I say a thing, I mean it. I do not often assert my authority; but in this matter I will be obeyed. You understand me? I forbid you to accompany Mrs. Damer and her brother!"

She looked up at him as he towered above her, tall and commanding, his face determined though tender, his eyes calmly authoritative.

He was some fifteen years older than she (her twentieth birthday had yet to arrive), and she was just a trifle afraid of him at times.

"Of course if you forbid it," she said after a brief silent struggle, "there is an end of the matter."

"That's a good little wife," he replied fondly, encircling her waist with his arm and stooping to kiss her.

But she moved away, and said coldly, "Don't, please. Oh, it is all very well for you to laugh, but I consider you both unreasonable and tyrannical. You are treating me like a child."

"So you are a child," he answered with a caressing smile; "and a very pretty little child, too. Surely I have not seen that gown before, have I? It's very fetching."

"Oh, don't be silly, Denzil," she said impatiently.

Then, after a minute's pause, "I'm sure I don't know what Mrs. Damer will think of me!"

"What Mrs. Damer thinks, or does not think, is of very little consequence, I imagine," observed Sir Denzil with a shrug of his shoulders.

"And pray what excuse am I to make?" went on Joan in a sarcastic little voice. "Am I to say that I cannot keep my engagement because my husband will not allow me? She will laugh at me."

"Has respect for a husband's wishes so utterly gone out of fashion?" he inquired gravely.

Then he added:

"Nevertheless, Joan, you know very well you need not put it in that way. Simply send a note saying you find you cannot go. And, as I said before, drop the acquaintance for the future."

She made an impatient little movement, then said resentfully:

"You are exceedingly overbearing and selfish, Denzil! I never interfere with anything you wish to do."

"Well, no, darling, I should fancy you don't," her husband answered with the slightest possible elevation of his eyebrows.

"And why should I always give in and you never?" she went on passionately. "I will go!"

He looked at her steadily for a second or two without speaking, and her eyes fell.

"Of course," she murmured hurriedly, "I shall not make any other engagement with her if you don't wish it, but I shall go with her to-day, as I have really promised."

"No, Joan, you shall not!" replied Carisbrooke in a very low voice, but with a sudden flash in his dark eyes.

"Yes, I shall," she went on excitedly. "I will not be your slave, Denzil, though I am your wife. I will not be ordered about, obedient to your slightest commands, however unreasonable—terrified to move or speak without your permission."

Denzil was very far from being in a laughing humor by this time, but an involuntary smile, which he could not repress, curved his lips at the glaring injustice of this last remark.

And seeing that smile, fleeting though it was, Joan became reckless, and flung prudence to the winds.

"Why don't you give your real reason?" she demanded with scornful emphasis, "and say you are jealous of George Fitzroy?"

Carisbrooke flushed darkly, then became very pale.

His temper—long kept down—was up now, and it was only by violent effort that he restrained the furious words that rushed to his lips.

"You are forgetting yourself, I think," he said, controlling his voice with supreme difficulty.

"And you are losing your temper, I think," returned Joan with a short laugh. "However, I have made up my mind to go, and not all you can say shall prevent me. And as for dropping George Fitzroy's acquaintance, I shall do nothing of the kind. He is one of the nicest men I know, and at any rate he has the merit of knowing how to keep his temper!"

"Very well," he replied in a curiously repressed voice; "so be it. We will consider the discussion ended."

And seating himself in an easy-chair, he took up a newspaper, and was soon apparently unconscious of his wife's presence.

His voice and manner were so calm that Joan hardly realized what a passion he was in.

The hand that held the newspaper shook slightly; that was all.

Joan lingered, not content, seemingly, with her victory. Woman-like, she desired not only the actual, but the verbal capitulation of the enemy.

A few minutes passed, during which Carisbrooke's temper cooled somewhat, and settled down into an icy, offended calm.

"You must see, Denzil, how unreasonable it is——" began Joan.

"Pardon me," her husband interrupted her coldly, turning his eyes upon her for a second, but not otherwise moving, "you misunderstand me, I fear. I have no longer the slightest desire to interfere with your arrangements in any way. Pray do not let me detain you. Allow me."

And with a face of exasperating indifference he rose, and ceremoniously held the door open while she slowly passed out.

Then he threw himself into his chair again, in about the worst temper he had been in for years—which is saying a good deal—and made use of some violent and profane expression anent the lady and gentleman under discussion, which would have made his little wife's hair stand on end if she had heard them.

As a matter of fact, he had heard worse things of Mrs. Damer than he cared to repeat to Joan.

As for her brother, he simply disliked him in an unreasoning kind of way. But he had no real feeling of jealousy regarding him, he told himself very scornfully.

He felt furious that Joan should have accused him of such a thing.

Fitzroy was a handsome fellow (indeed he was not unlike Carisbrooke himself), and a great favorite with women—and certainly of late Joan and he had seemed on very good terms—here he frowned heavily, and bit his lips with almost nervous force.

Pshaw! surely he was not on the way to become the jealous fool his wife apparently considered him!

As for that self-willed little person, she was standing on the mat outside the door, already half-repentant.

After all, she reflected, was it worth while to vex her husband for such a trifle? He was invariably so indulgent to her; so attentive to her slightest wish, almost before she could express it; and as he had said, it was very rarely he asserted his authority.

He must have some good reason for his objection to Mrs. Damer, and in truth that lady was a little—just a little—too pronounced for Joan's own taste, though she was undoubtedly clever and very amusing.

As for Mr. Fitzroy—well, perhaps he had been more attentive than was absolutely necessary.

And finally, she did not really care two straws if she never saw either brother or sister again.

Certainly they were not worth quarreling about.

Dear old Denzil! how angry he looked! It was their first disagreement since their marriage—at this point in her reflections she turned, opened the door again, and went in, fully prepared to make the amende honorable—thereby, I am aware, meriting the scorn of all strong-minded women.

Carisbrooke did not turn his head as she entered; nevertheless she knew that he was aware of her presence.

After a moment's hesitation she closed the door, and going towards him laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Denzil!" she said in a very small voice.

"Well?" he answered coldly, without raising his eyes from the paper he was apparently absorbed in.

"Denzil—I—I am not going!"

To this announcement the person addressed deigned no reply.

He took a paper-knife from a table near him, cut a few more pages of the *Saturday*, and deliberately went on with the leading article.

His face had a stern, inflexible look, quite new to Joan—a look which boded ill for reconciliation.

"Denzil," she faltered, her pretty eyes growing very dim, "don't look like that! I am not going. I will write to say so."

But Denzil was feeling particularly savage and impracticable just then. He rose and quietly removed the hand that lay on his arm.

"If you imagine you are gratifying me by staying at home," he observed, speaking very calmly and distinctly, and looking down at her with an expression in his handsome eyes which sent her heart down into her boots, "pray dismiss the idea at once. It is a matter of the utmost indifference to me whether you go or stay."

He struck a match as he spoke, and relit his cigar with a care and deliberation which under the circumstances were simply brutal.

He was fully aware of this; but for the life of him, he could not have helped it.

Joan, petrified at this unexpected rebuff, stood for a few seconds in indignant silence, with quivering lips and changing color; then, with a haughty gesture of her brown head, went quietly out of the room.

As Carisbrooke left the house some minutes later, he had the pleasure of seeing his wife step into her smart victoria, direct the man to Mrs. Damer's house in Cadogan Place, and drive off without vouchsafing so much as a look in his direction.

A week passed, and during that time the demeanor of husband and wife towards each other was characterized by a deadly freezing courtesy; indeed on all possible occasions they ignored each other completely.

And both, though they would have scorned to own it, were distinctly and undeniably miserable.

Joan felt bitterly hurt that Denzil had so coldly repulsed her offer of submission and wifely obedience; while he, for his part, had by this time worked himself up into such a fit of unreasoning obstinacy that Joan might have abased herself to the very dust before him without softening him in the least.

But she showed no desire to so humiliate herself, and as the days went on Carisbrooke's thoughts grew more and more furiously bitter.

For if Joan had never given him cause for jealousy before, he certainly might be forgiven for thinking she did so now.

She flirted outrageously with Fitzroy—there was not the slightest doubt of that.

And he had no manner of objection to be so flirted with, though, as it happened, he entertained no special admiration for Lady Carisbrooke, beyond the conviction that she was an exceedingly pretty woman, and "awfully jolly to talk to, don't you know."

But after a time Fitzroy found himself snubbed, neglected, and generally given the cold shoulder, a defection on Joan's part which he took very philosophically. He was not half a bad fellow after all, and he had a sincere liking for Carisbrooke, in spite of the other's invariably freezing demeanor towards him.

Poor Joan! She was tired of laughing and talking so gaily while her heart was so heavy.

Her feelings alternated between a very hot resentment against her husband, and a very wild longing to be reconciled to him.

His stern, cold, repellent face and manner chilled her, and struck her with a curious sense of desolation.

Were things always to be like this between them? she wondered drearily. Meanwhile her pretty little face grew grave and pale, her eyes heavy and very wistful.

One morning towards the end of the season, the Carisbrookes were seated at breakfast.

Denzil had just entered the room, and having bid his little wife a chilling "good-morning," was soon absorbed in his letters.

Joan was looking really ill this morning. She had lain awake crying all night, which performance had, not unnaturally, given her a severe headache.

Presently her husband pushed aside his correspondence and silently addressed himself to his breakfast. When the meal was half over he said, in the cold formal voice in which he always addressed her now:

"Did my mother say she intended coming up to-morrow, Joan? I think you said she had written to you to that effect?"

"Yes; she said she was coming to-morrow," was the listless answer. "She is going back on Saturday."

"Then you had better return with her. I intended leaving home for a time, and shall probably start to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow," she echoed faintly. Then after a pause she asked, "Are you—going abroad?"

"No," rather curtly. "I am going down to Scotland to spend a week or so with Berkeley."

"Shall you be away—for long?"

"I really cannot say. I may take a run over to Homburg, with some fellows who talk of going; but it is quite uncertain."

I will take another cup of coffee, if you please," he added, as he slowly unfolded the *Times*.

There was perfect silence for a few minutes after Joan had handed him his cup, and at the end of that time, Carisbrooke, looking up, became aware that his wife was startlingly pale, and that her lips were tremblingly convulsively.

"What is the matter, Joan? Are you ill?" he said, looking at her keenly.

But instead of answering, Lady Carisbrooke covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

Now this was absolutely the first time Carisbrooke had ever seen his wife cry, and the sight alarmed and distressed him beyond measure.

He rose hastily, and coming round to where she sat, bent over her anxiously, almost forgetting to be cold and indifferent.

"Joan," he said in deeply concerned tones, "what is it? Can I get you anything?"

Joan rose hastily, and was about to rush from the room, when with a sudden movement he caught her in his arms.

"Is it possible that you are crying because you—because you don't want me to go away, Joan?" he whispered rather unsteadily.

But Joan was excited and overstrung and angry; angry with Denzil because he had hit upon the exact reason why she was crying, and angry with herself because it was the reason.

So she forced back her tears, checked her sobs, and tried to draw herself away from her husband's arms.

"No, no, not at all; I am not so foolish," she answered almost hysterically. "I was crying because I—I have a headache this morning, and feel so—so nervous. Please let me go, Denzil, and don't be so tiresome," she concluded with a touch of impatience in her tone.

He released her instantly.

"Has it come to that?" he said, drawing a long breath and growing rather white. "Is my very touch so repulsive to you?"

As he spoke he leaned somewhat heavily against the mantelpiece, and drew his hand across his forehead.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered between his teeth.

Then, without taking any further notice of his wife, he flung himself out of the room, and a few minutes later out of the house.

Thus the very opportunity Joan had longed for had come—only to be missed, disregarded, and bitterly regretted when too late—like a few other opportunities we wot of.

Carisbrooke did not turn up at lunch, and in the afternoon Joan drove out to do some shopping, firmly resolved to make her peace with her offended husband at dinner-time.

She had just come out of a certain well-known costumier's in Bond Street, and was waiting impatiently for her carriage; for the coachman, probably thinking she would be some time, had driven so far up the street as to be out of sight.

All at once a hansom whirled rapidly past.

Joan caught sight of a portmanteau and gun-case on the top, and inside—did her eyes deceive her?—a well-known gray traveling coat, a closely-cropped brown head partially turned away from her, a glimpse of a heavy moustache—her husband without a doubt!

Joan's heart stood still, and then beat furiously. He was going away to-day, instead of to-morrow—going without bidding her good-bye.

She looked wildly up the street. The carriage was not in sight. In a moment she had hailed an empty hansom.

"Follow that hansom in front, the one with the white horse!" she gasped excitedly as she climbed in. "Quick. I will give you a sovereign if you overtake it."

"All right, miss," replied the man, with a grin that made poor Joan's cheeks burn.

The horse sprang forward, and they were soon spinning up the street as fast as the many vehicles collected there would permit them.

The other hansom had a very good start, but they gradually gained upon it.

Sometimes a block occurred, and they had to stand still for a time, and then poor Joan's heart stood still too.

What if she should be too late? She could not endure the torturing thought that they had parted in estrangement—parted for months, perhaps.

How could Denzil be so cruel, so unforgiving? He might have known she did not mean what she said this morning. Perhaps he had sought her to bid her good-bye, and found her gone! This thought drove her half frantic.

Away they went at a rattling pace, the white horse still alarmingly far ahead—along Oxford Street, up Gower Street, through Gordon Square, always keeping the other hansom in sight, but never overtaking it.

At last they turned into one of the northern terminuses (which, Joan hadn't an idea).

The white horse was just trotting off as they drove alongside the kerb, and Joan caught a glimpse of a very tall-coated figure disappearing into the booking office.

She sprang out almost before the cab stopped, tripped and almost fell, dropping the golden coin she held, and thus causing some delay. In another minute she had rushed on to the platform.

"Take seats! Take seats!" she heard the porters cry, amid banging of doors and rumbling of trucks.

She had never thought of taking a ticket—indeed, she had no idea where to take it for—she never stopped to think that this might not be the Scotch train, but ran wildly after the owner of the gray traveling-coat, who, striding on in front, suddenly quickened his pace to a run, and sprang hastily into an empty first-class car, for the whistle had sounded and the train was just moving off.

In a moment Joan, panting and breathless, had reached the door, scrambled in, and precipitated herself into the arms—of her husband? Alas, no!

"Lady Carisbrooke!" said a man's surprised voice—not Denzil's.

Joan looked up with a sharp cry of horror, and found herself tete-a-tete with George Fitzroy!

For one second she paused—petrified; then flew to the door, and had already thrown it open, when her companion dragged her unceremoniously backward, and shut the door again.

"Lady Carisbrooke!" he exclaimed as she struggled to free herself. "Are you mad? You can't get out now. Do you not see the rate at which we are going? What on earth is the matter?"

She sank on to the seat, half fainting. For to her inexpressible anguish and dismay she had seen her husband's white incredulous face on the fast-receding platform. He must have seen them both.

Good Heavens! what would he think? What had she done? Overcome with mortification, fatigue and despair, Lady Carisbrooke, for the second time that day, burst into tears.

Her companion, profoundly dismayed and bewildered, tried to calm her, but in vain.

"What is the matter?" he entreated distractedly. "What has happened? For pity's sake don't distress yourself in that way!"

But it was some time before Joan could speak.

Then, in breathless, incoherent sentences, she sobbed out the unfortunate mistake she had made.

"Why had you that coat on?" she concluded passionately and unreasonably. "You know Sir Denzil has one just like it. And of course, when I saw it I never doubted that—that——— Oh, what shall I do?"

Fitzroy cast a downward glance of contrition at the unlucky garment in question.

But he looked serious. As matters stood, he could not but acknowledge that it was an awkward situation.

For he too, as he leaned out to shut the car door, had caught a glimpse of Carisbrooke's face, and the more he thought of the expression it had worn the less he liked it.

He had also seen that Carisbrooke was arm in arm with Dan Fothergill, the most inveterate club-newsmonger in all Pall Mall and St. James Street.

An almost ludicrously bewildered look of amazement had adorned Fothergill's visage, and Fitzroy knew very well how this unlucky little episode would expand and lengthen, and assume fearful proportions under that gentleman's skilful manipulation.

Now, there had been quite enough gossip afloat of late concerning Fitzroy's whilom devotion to Lady Carisbrooke, and as he reflected upon this his brows contracted with extreme annoyance.

Both men had seen him, he knew. Indeed he had almost brushed against them as he passed.

He had a particular objection, just then, to pose, however innocently, as Lady Carisbrooke's lover.

For one thing, he knew it would be next to impossible to explain to an obstinate, hot-headed fellow like Carisbrooke how the thing had really happened, especially in the light of the recent very pronounced flirtation which had justly aroused the latter's indignation.

In the second place, he had just become engaged to a very pretty little girl down in Staffordshire, whose family, indeed, he was now on his way to visit.

And his fiancee had, until two days ago, been extremely jealous of Lady Carisbrooke.

So that, altogether, things promised to be particularly pleasant and entertaining all round. The train did not stop, he knew, until it reached Combe.

His fiancee was to meet him there. And after that—the deluge! Fitzroy felt that the Fates were distinctly unreasonable.

"Oh, don't cry like that, Lady Carisbrooke!" he exclaimed at last, with a smothered ring of irritation in his tone. "You—er—you'll make yourself ill, you know."

Then after a short pause, he slowly added:

"I'm sure I don't know what the deuce is to be done. Carisbrooke is such an obstinate brute when he takes an idea into his head—I beg your pardon, but you know he really is. And he—er—he's sure to be in a regular way."

Here the speaker walked to the other side of the car, and swore a little under his breath, viciously and deliberately.

Somewhat relieved by this comparatively silent ebullition he turned to his companion, who had stopped crying, and now sat looking up at him with lovely, distracting, though angry eyes swimming in tears.

Certainly she was marvellously pretty, he reflected almost casually. Small wonder Carisbrooke was mad with jealousy; for she was a provoking little witch, as Fitzroy well knew.

Just then the train began to slacken speed. Joan rushed to the window and looked out.

"I believe we are going to stop at Annesley," she exclaimed eagerly. "Yes, we are. I shall get out here and catch the next train up to town."

"But," hesitated Fitzroy, "your husband, you know. He—er—I mean, had I not better go back with you and—er—explain, perhaps?"

"Oh, dear, no! that would make it fifty times worse," she answered with a hysterical little laugh. "You don't know how dreadful things have been lately, all because of you! Ah, here we are," she added, as the train steamed into the little station.

In another moment she was on the platform.

"I don't half like leaving you here alone," said Fitzroy anxiously. Then to a passing porter "When is the first train up to town?"

"8.25, sir. Last to-night," was the answer.

The whistle sounded. A few hasty words, a grasp of the hand, and the train was out of sight round the curve, leaving Joan standing alone and forlorn on the platform.

It was a small way-side station, where the train stopped when there were any passengers for Valdene, a large estate some miles away.

A pompous-looking old gentleman was the cause of the stoppage to-day, and Joan blessed him.

He got into a car that was waiting, and was driven rapidly away. The porter retired into the little ticket-office to await the arrival of the last up train, and Joan was left in sole possession.

She looked at her watch; it was twenty-five minutes past seven. She had an hour to wait.

It was a lovely evening, and she made up her mind to walk a little way along the road. It would help to pass the time; and to sit still was impossible.

So she set off at a quick pace along the hedge-bound lane which called itself a road, and led, presumably, to the as yet unseen village of Annesley.

She felt unbearably anxious and miserable. Her husband's white horrified face, the stunned, half-incredulous look in his eyes haunted her.

If he had been angry and unforgiving before, what would he be now? If she only had not been so mad as to repulse him so coldly this morning! It was a long time since he had spoken to her so kindly. How could she? And now it might be too late—too late for anything but misery! She walked on and on, never thinking of the time; her poor heart growing heavier and heavier with every step.

All at once she remembered that she had all the way to go back again, and hastily pulled out her watch. Could it be possible? The hands pointed to a quarter past eight! She had but ten minutes to get back to the station, and it was such a long, long way off!

She ran swiftly as possible along the road for some distance, then stopped. She could never get there in time, she thought, despairingly.

And yet, stay—she might cut across the fields; that would save her fully five minutes, for the road took a long winding sweep just here, and the train might be a little behind time.

Quick as thought she scrambled over the low stone wall, and ran across the first field, quaking inwardly at the thought of possible bulls; for she was an arrant little coward where horned cattle were concerned.

But running gave her a pain in her side, and she was obliged to walk quite slowly across the next field.

Alas! the station was a long way off yet. A distant whistle made her start; she caught her her foot in a half-hidden stone, stumbled forward and fell, doubling one foot under her.

In an instant she had struggled up again; but an anguished knife-like pain through her right ankle turned her faint and sick, and made her sink to the ground with a low sobbing cry.

A sense of terrified despair came over her. How was she to get home? How get to the station? How even move from where she lay?

Just then, she heard another and a nearer whistle, a fast-approaching vibrating roar, which gradually ceased. The train had come in!

In an incredibly short time she heard it shriek its way into the distance again, and once more silence reigned. Poor Joan, it was too much! The thought that she might lie there helpless for hours—all night—all next day—filled her with terror and dismay.

It had begun to rain slightly, too, and would soon be dark. She slowly raised herself, and once more put the injured foot to the ground. It bent under her. With a sharp cry of agony she slipped back into her former position and lost consciousness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PUZZLING fact, is that multitudes of people, who are impelled by their hunger for land to leave Europe and come to this country, appear to lose their land hunger as soon as they arrive. They settle for life in the crowded tenement districts of our large cities, where their condition is little better than what it was in their old homes, and absolutely refuse to go West, where they can have good land for nothing.

Scientific and Useful.

GLASS BONNETS.—A Venetian glass manufacturer is said to be making and selling bonnets by the thousand. The glass cloth of which they are made has the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and is impervious to water.

HOW TO DRY YOUR UMBRELLA.—Most people dry their umbrellas handle upward. This concentrates the moisture at the tip where it is close, rusts the wire which secures the stretchers, and rots the cloth. After the umbrella is drained, it is better to invert it, and dry it in that position.

COLLISIONS.—A new invention to prevent collisions at sea, consisting of a small plate fixed at the side of the vessel, has been very successfully tried on the Thames, England. Electricity is the active agent. The approach of another vessel within two miles causes a bell to sound, and an indicating arrow shows the direction whence it comes.

LEATHER BY ELECTRICITY.—A Swedish inventor has applied the alternating electric current to a commercial problem so successfully that its use bids fair to revolutionize the tanning industry both in this country and abroad. Patents are held in seventeen different countries. By this process it is claimed that sole leather can be tanned in 800 hours by the application of an alternating current for one eighth of the time, the old methods requiring six months.

USE OF THE EGG.—A correspondent writes in regard to taking care of the hair; "Experience has taught me that it is best to keep all oils or greases from the hair. Don't let barbers oil it. I find wetting with water best. At least once a week rub the yolk of an egg, or half of it, well into the hair and scalp, and rinse off thoroughly with tepid water. It will promote growth and color, probably largely due to the sulphur in the egg. This course has started a new growth of hair with me, not very thick, but better than none at all."

LISTENING WITH THE TEETH.—Listening with the teeth may seem a comical action, but it is a possible one, and, after all, no more unnatural than that of talking with the fingers, which every educated mute can perform. Any one who holds a vibrating tuning-fork to his dentals will be struck with the sonorous sound thrill that goes through his head, and the superior intensity of the sound compared to what is experienced when the fork is held to the ear. That other nerves than those appointed for hearing are capable of conveying sound vibration to the brain is thus pretty evident.

Farm and Garden.

FLOWERS.—An early open exposure is best for geraniums, but roses are all the better if they are situated where they have a light shade during the middle of the day. They should not, however, be placed under trees.

STORED FRUIT.—When fruit is stored in a house it is desirable to have the temperature kept as near forty degrees as possible. Of course it is expected that it will vary somewhat, but the nearer it can be kept to this the better will be that result.

THE GARDEN.—Where no stock is kept, and manure must be made for a garden, an excellent mode of so doing is to begin with a pile of dirt, upon which all the waste water and refuse should be thrown. It should be covered to prevent injury by rain. Each family wastes enough every season to highly manure a garden plot.

WEEDS.—The lawn-mower will assist in killing weeds if used frequently. Many weeds die and disappear if not allowed to go to seed, but if seed be produced the weeds spring up next season. By mowing the grass the weeds are also cut down, and if the work be well done the weeds will be replaced by a thicker growth of grass.

PASTURES.—Old pasture fields are usually full of weeds which have crowded the grass out. To utilize such pastures turn sheep upon them. The sheep will eat the young weeds as well as the grass, and greatly assist in destroying the pests. In the fall the sod can be turned under and reseeded with less danger of the weeds appearing again.

INSECTS.—Some horticulturists are now claiming that insects are beneficial because they lessen production, which is a theory that is sure to end in the practice of methods more injurious than can be foreseen at the present time. The war on insects should not cease. It is not easy to keep them within bounds even with the most persistent work.

THE HORSE.—Near the close of a journey let the horse walk. If covered with sweat rub off with a rag, to prevent too sudden cooling. Collar galls and bruises are benefited by washing with salt water. Wash shoulders daily when using the horse. Brine is good for stiff joints. Never allow anyone to tickle or tease your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment, and does not understand the joke. Never beat the horse when he is in the stable, as nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

As the master, so is the servant. As your brains, so is your body. Use
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4, 1889.

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Charity in Truth.

It is not difficult for any of us to love those towards whom we feel drawn. There is nothing of the Divine charity in this. The Divine charity bids us love those whom we find to be naturally unlovable.

Probably most people know some one whom they find it hard to love, some one who has injured them, who has made himself disagreeable, who is a successful rival, who has an unpleasant manner.

Do you know any such? Have you an unkind feeling towards them? Should you be secretly pleased to hear that something ill had befallen them? If so, reflect that God has given them to you in order that you may have an opportunity of cultivating this Divine gift of charity.

Seek opportunities of doing acts of kindness to such persons. Speak kindly about them when their acts or characters are discussed. If it is in your power to promote their interests, do so.

If no such opportunities are afforded you, learn to pray for them. You cannot long dislike a person whose name is daily in your prayers.

If you persevere in such a course, you will find that your mind is undergoing a change, even a renewal. Nothing is so likely to make us love others as the endeavor to do them a kindness.

It is not in everybody's power, because he has not a fortune answerable to it, to form a standing habit of charity, by redressing the injured, relieving the distressed, and cherishing men of merit; but it is in everybody's power to beget in himself this lovely disposition of mind, by studying to adjust his temper to theirs with whom he lives, by complying with their humors as far as he innocently can, by soothing their distresses, bearing with their infirmities, and by incommoding himself in some points to gratify others.

On the contrary, the indulgence of an occasional fit of ill-humor paves the way to an habitually bad temper. And to those who think it a small matter, Solon's answer is a very just one: "Yes, but custom is a great one."

Did we consider seriously that as often as we are exerting a spirit of needless contradiction, or venting an ill natured wit to mortify those about us, we are cherishing a principle of ill-will, the very temper of the damned, it would, it is to be hoped, put some stop to this practice.

But here the misfortune lies; men are more ambitious to display the abilities of the head than to cultivate the good qualities of the heart. Though the latter are in everybody's power, the former few have any title to.

In any case one thing at least we each can do. We can try not to add to the evil, but to make a life so dark as this by one streak brighter, a world so sorrowful in some slight measure less joyless by our presence in the gloom.

It is possible to be sincere yet kind; possible to see the best rather than the worst in human character; possible to make the most of what is good.

Some truer recollection of our own grave and depressing faults, amidst all the time our conscious sincerity, will often teach a lesson of long-suffering and charity towards our fellow-men. In fact we can be kind.

The age we live in is one of social perplexity. As years go on that perplexity seems to increase.

Our great cities are sinks of iniquity; the relation of master and servant, workman and employe, is out of joint.

Waifs and strays, little ragged homeless urchins, with bright faces and merry voices,—for they are still too young to be subdued by sorrow,—are tossed about our city.

Beneath the gas lamps the giant selfishness is plying its devilish trade in "the great sin of great cities."

What can we do? Reverse the question and you have the answer, let us do what we can. Each soul helped is a great work done.

When your endeavors are directed towards doing good to an individual—in other words, to do him service—if there be any option as to the mode or way, consider and observe what mode is most to his taste. If you serve him as you think and say, in a way which is yours and not his, the value of any service may, by an indefinite amount, be thus reduced. If the action of serving a man, not in the way he wishes to be served, be carried to a certain length, it becomes tyranny, not beneficence; an exercise of power for the satisfaction of the self regarding affections, not an act of beneficence for the gratification of the sympathetic or social affections.

We judge harshly of the motives of others because we do not well consider all the reasons of their actions; we speak untruths, because we do not consider what is due to the sensibilities of others; we are censorious in our judgment of faults, because we do not consider well the circumstances of our neighbors; we are severe upon opinions, because we do not inquire into their origin and grounds. A candid allowance for the circumstances of others would almost always mitigate that severity of judgment which fastens upon no outward act, or makes a man an offender for a word.

We do not suffer our meanness to come to the light even of our own consciousness—if we can help it. But when we find ourselves parrying off some appeal for kindness, giving way to some prejudice against others, inventing excuses for disregarding them—however plausible all this may seem to us—it is a most unhappy frame of mind. This is not love at work; but some lurking selfishness, in the dark closet, is pulling the wires, confounding moral distinctions and perverting all good and generous affections.

An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind and staff of life.

False happiness is like false money—it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

The gibbet is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung from time to time for the sake of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.

Never let your honest conviction be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of ridicule than you can enjoy your life if you live in constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and make a point of morals, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as if a man wore a big soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say. "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed.

The love of life is, in general, the effect, not of our enjoyments, but of our passions. We are not attached to it so much for its own sake, as because it is necessary to action. Without life there can be no action—no objects of pursuit—no restless desires—no tormenting passions. Hence it is that we fondly cling to it—that we dread its termination as the close, not of enjoyment, but of hope.

It was one of Sydney Smith's pleasantest sayings, and quite as sagacious, too, as it is pleasant, that "mankind are always happy for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it." Such a sentiment needs no endorsement to pass current with the world. There is truth in its every syllable.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

He gives not best that gives most; but he gives most who gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely; and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. He gives well that gives willingly.

In all thy actions think God sees thee; and in all His actions labor to see Him; that will make thee fear Him; the fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and the knowledge of God is the perfection of love.

The person who grieves suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time.

I thank my Heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love, I thank Him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing.

We may daily discover crowds acquire sufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that possess the virtues which ennoble human nature, and, in the best sense of the word, constitute a gentleman.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom, that he who thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he who thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

Power exercised with violence has seldom been of long duration, but temper and moderation generally produce permanence in all things.

The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.

Ingratitude is, of all crimes, what in ourselves we account the most venial, in others the most unpardonable.

The hearers of a sermon ought to leave the church prepared to do as well as to believe.

The World's Happenings.

John Bright left an estate valued at $3,-

Elkhart County, Ind., boasts of a 21-year-old rooster.

The total cost of the war of the rebellion was about 7,000,000,000.

A boy of six years died of heart failure at Pittsburg while jumping a rope.

The Emperor of China has ten men whose sole duty it is to carry his umbrella.

At a recent beggars' ball in Vienna there were 3000 persons present, all in beggars' costumes.

It is considered the thing to provide a frame for the photograph one gives away nowadays.

A statistical fiend has figured that a man 50 years old has spent three years in buttoning his collar.

It is surprising to be told that Boston is the greatest market in the United States for the sale of lottery tickets.

Tobacco dealers in Meodus, Conn., have resolved not to buy or sell cigarettes after disposing of their present stock.

"Doughnut Hotel and Sausage Emporium" is the name of the latest down-town cheap restaurant in New York.

Two children, aged respectively 13 and 14, were, with the consent of their parents, married the other day in West Virginia.

In the Santa Clara, Cal., gold mines there are women who work by the side of the men hunting for the glittering nuggets.

A Georgia exchange says that Hon. H. W. J. Ham, Sam Veal and Major R. A. Bacon met recently by accident in a store at Rome.

An Iowa clergyman recently married three couples and conducted two funerals in one day and to do it drove 50 miles. Total receipts, $8.

The prejudice against horse flesh has now so faded out in Paris that there are now 132 recognized butcher shops where horse flesh is openly sold.

High winds tolled the bell of a church at Salt Lake City on a recent night, and the doleful sounds greatly worried the superstitious people there.

A colored railroad hand in Georgia, like the "Digger Indians," relishes earth worms, and "would give a week's rations for a mess of them."

Several pretzels and a piece of Limburger cheese were among other articles placed in the corner-stone of a German theatre at Portland, Oregon, last week.

A warning for highwaymen to give China the go-by comes from that country in this form, "Not long since 30 highwaymen were executed at Kirin."

A Western man expects to make a fortune out of a skunk ranch, which he lately established in Indiana. His income will be chiefly from the sale of the oil and pelts.

Ladies are frequently employed to serve writs and act as inquiry agents in London. The essentials for such employes are "nerve, intelligence and presence."

An Albany physician says he has never known a case of cancer among the Hebrews, and thinks their exemption from the disease is due to abstinence from pork.

Mrs. C. Ashbacher, the Ohio woman who swallowed her false teeth, died, after undergoing an operation for the removal of the teeth, which had lodged in her throat.

Judson Peoples, a patient in the Barnwell (S. C.) Hospital, while playing "seven up," called out "high, low, Jack and the game, and out," and then fell back dead.

The singing of the song "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," at public dinners, in England, has become such a mania that a society for the discouragement of the practice is to be organized.

The city hall cat, in Chester, lies in wait for sparrows behind an iron pile. A few days since, as the birds were shy, she crept out and moved a crust of bread close to her lair. In two minutes she had a plump, juicy meal.

Horses and cows have many times been fitted with wooden legs, but Southern Georgia possesses a goose which hobbles around on an artificial limb. It became a cripple through being run over by a locomotive.

Mrs. Becky Stevens keeps a saloon in Cincinnati, and during the past five years she has broken heads, arms and legs for seven different men who wouldn't walk out like gentlemen. A wagon spoke is her favorite weapon.

The skeleton of a man, evidently pioneer Indian fighter, was found the other day in the middle of a big log taken to a Georgia sawmill. In the wood that had grown over it was the imprint of the clothes as well as the old flintlock rifle that lay beside it.

"Uncle" Edmund Shaw, who lives near Reidsville, Ga., is undoubtedly anxious to be awarded the medal as the champion old man of the world. He modestly places his age at 124 years, and adds that he is hale and hearty and can read the newspapers without glasses.

The lance, which once played an important part in warfare, is likely to find general readoption in several European armies. It is picturesque, and could doubtless be made effective in the hands of cavalry, but it is scarcely probable that it will supersede the weapons which have been so long in use for hand-to-hand conflicts.

According to a Vermont contemporary the mail route between Woodstock and Bridgewater, a distance of six miles, cost the Government for the past four years only four cents for a daily mail service, and for the ensuing four years one cent is to pay for the same service. If warrants are drawn quarterly they will sell for only 1-16th of a cent each, and the contractor will have to wait for years, or until he has received sixteen warrants, before he can draw his cash.

CANCELLED.

BY S. E. W.

Among the weather-beaten cliffs,
Along the sunny southern shore,
Where wave-winds blow in gusts and whiffs,
And seagulls scream above the roar
Of raging wind and mournful wave;
In one secluded little cave,
I carved her name who lives no more.

Now blow, ye winds, and wear away
That feeble record of a name
Cut in the cliff; or some fair day
I might by chance confront the same
Against my will—forgetfully
My steps may wander by the sea
Where she and I together came.

The Amber Scarf-Pin.

BY E. H. SHERARD.

THE scarf or cravat-pin which has had such an effect upon my destinies, otherwise fated to be humble, unadventurous and obscure, was a small drop of amber set in a gold mounting of somewhat fanciful design.

Inside the amber was a tiny insect, of the kind which fashionable jewellers made fashionable a few years ago, as fetiches, under the name of "Ori-oris."

About six months ago I left home for France in a singularly happy mood. I had just become engaged to a charming girl, and the object of my visit to Paris was to purchase, as presents to my bride, a quantity of those articles, so delightful to the fair sex, which Paris alone produces.

If I had contented myself with patronising British commerce, in the persons of the West-end tradesmen, none of my subsequent misfortunes would have happened.

But, doubtless, also another reason for my visit to Paris was that irresistible attraction which the French city exercises over all who have passed even a short time within its walls, an attraction for which no psychological reason can be assigned, but which is felt by all.

A great statesman once described Paris to me as "the magnet of the world." "I come here every year," he said. "I am sure I do not know why."

This attraction had doubtless influenced me when I decided that my presents to Clara must be bought in Paris.

I had lived in that city some years before in my young and Bohemian days, and had anything but a good time.

My principal reminiscences of the gay capital, were of financial difficulties, of quarrels with tradesmen and hotel-keepers, and of a number of entirely undesirable acquaintances.

We had had an excellent crossing, and, after a hasty supper at Calais, I had got into a first-class carriage in the express to Paris.

The only other occupant of the coupe was an English jockey, who went to sleep as soon as he had taken his seat. I had no such good fortune, as I am never able to sleep whilst travelling by train, and had to spend the weary hours as best I could with my thoughts.

Fortunately, at that time, they were pleasant ones.

At Amiens a French gentleman entered the train, and seated himself directly opposite me. He was in a talkative humor and it was not long before we were in conversation. Five minutes later he had introduced himself to me as the Marquis de Kergaradec, and it was not long before I was fully acquainted with his opinions on General Boulanger, on Emile Zola, Sarah Bernhardt, and the general variety of Parisian topics. The Marquis was an old man, elegantly dressed, and wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He was going to Paris, he told me, to be present at the Prix du Jockey Club—the Blue ribbon of the French Turf.

"That is to say," he corrected himself, "I am not going to Paris at all, but shall get out at Chantilly."

"I thought the express did not stop there," I said.

"When one is a big shareholder," he laughed, "accomodations may be made with the Northern Railway Company."

I had laughed at his ready adaption of Tartuffe's famous remark, and was about to say something in rejoinder, when I noticed that the Marquis's expression suddenly changed, and saw that he was staring at me in a manner which was almost offensive. His eyes were fixed on my collar.

Whilst I was wondering whether anything in my linen was exciting the curiosity and interest of this carefully-attired old gentleman, he bent forward and said, in quite an altered tone of voice: "I beg your pardon, sir, but what a curious scarf-pin that is that you are wearing. Would you mind showing it to me?" and added something about being an amateur of jewellry.

I willingly complied with his request, took the pin out of my tie, and handed it to him.

He examined it carefully, turning it round and round. Then he stood up and held it close to the carriage lamp, muttering to himself.

At last he handed it back to me with a curt "Thank you," and changed his place to the seat in the opposite corner of the carriage, vis-a-vis to the sleeping jockey.

"It is a curious pin, is it not?" I said politely, though completely mystified by his change of manner,

But he made no answer, sitting still and watching me.

I made another attempt to bring him to explain himself, but finding it impossible to get a word out of him, shrugged my shoulders and settled down again to my thoughts.

At Chantilly the train stopped, and the guard came to the door to inform the marquis, with much respect, that he had reached his destination.

"I have changed my mind," said the old gentleman, "and shall go on to Paris. I remember I have an engagement at the Jockey Club."

A minute later the train was dashing on its way again, and did not stop till we reached Paris.

I had no luggage beyond a hand-valise, and so had not to wait at the station. I jumped into a cab and drove off at once to the Grand Hotel, very anxious to get to bed. I need hardly say I had long since forgotten all about my strange travelling companion.

However, half an hour later, as I was leaving the bureau of the hotel, where I had registered my address, to go up to the room assigned to me, I met the old gentleman again, going into the bureau. He stared hard at me as I passed, first at my face then at my pin. I thought it strange he should have followed me, and his persistent rudeness I found stranger still, but I had no inclination to trouble my head as to the reasons of his eccentricity, and dismissed him once again from my mind.

At ten o'clock I rose, dressed, and after the inevitable cafe au lait—that miserable substitute for an English breakfast—went down and out on to the boulevard to visit the shops I had determined to patronise.

As I passed under the porch of the hotel I noticed a somewhat disreputable individual, who seemed to be standing there on sentry.

I noticed him again at the corner of the rue de Valmy, and a third time, as I was crossing the place Vendome. Just as I reached the arcade of the rue de Castiglione the man came up to me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and thrust a paper under my eyes.

Thinking it was some begging petition, I was feeling in my pocket for some coins, when the man said:

"It is a warrant of arrest. I am ordered to secure your person."

I took the paper from him and read it carefully. It was a printed form, with blanks filled in in writing, and was signed with a perfect illegible signature.

"We Juge d'Instruction, attached to the Tribunal of Paris, command the agent of Public Safety, AMBROISE BERNARD, to arrest and to bring before us the sieur ————(my name)

"NFORIORTH." (?)

"I am perfectly ignorant of your laws," I said, "and I am certain I don't know what this means. Are you the Ambroise Bernard here mentioned?"

"I am."

"And what am I to do?"

"To follow me."

I thought it best to comply. If I had known what awaited me, I should certainly have knocked the man down and taken to my heels. It would have been much the wisest thing, however risky, to have done.

But I did not know then what it is to be an incriminated person in France. My conscience was easy, and I imagined that after a few minutes' explanation I should be free again.

The agent conducted me to a neighboring police station, showed the superintendent his warrant, had me searched and my pockets emptied, and locked me in a cell.

Here I remained for an hour, when I was fetched out and hustled into the "salad basket," as the French call their "Black Maria" took me to the depot gaol, where I was once more locked up.

All this time not a word of explanation had I heard. I had not the faintest idea what I was accused of, but, being quite innocent of any offence, felt completely reassured.

Indeed, my adventure somewhat amused me. It was a novel experience, and would give me something to talk about when I got back to England.

By the French law every person arrested on suspicion must be examined within twenty-four hours.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I was fetched by two gardes de Paris to undergo my preliminary examination.

The writings of Gaboriau, Balzac and de Bolagobey have so fully described the mise en scene of the depot prison: the winding staircase, the dark passages by which a prisoner is brought to the fatal couloir, on which all the doors of the rooms of the juges d'instruction, or examining magistrates, open, as well as the interior of such a room, that I will not describe what I saw, but come at once to the extraordinary conversation which passed between me and the magistrate charged with the "instruction" of my "affair."

After he had asked me my name, age, and profession, and received my answers with credulous indifference, he opened a drawer in the table at which he was sitting took out an object, and laying it before me said:

"Do you recognize this jewel?"

"Certainly," I answered, "it is my scarf-pin. It was taken from me, with all my other belongings, at the police-station this morning."

"Can you tell when and how this pin came into your possession?"

"There you puzzle me," I said, "I don't remember. It's a curious fact," I added, smiling at the judge, "but true. I have no idea where that pin comes from. I don't remember having bought it."

"Was it given to you?"

"No. At least, I don't remember having received such a gift."

"Perhaps you picked it up in the street," said the magistrate, with a slight touch of irony.

"Yes, perhaps I did. This is all I know about it: a few days ago, in turning over the contents of an old portmanteau, I found this pin. I did not care very much for its style, and can only account for my wearing it by the fact that I dressed in a great hurry on the evening that I left London, and that the first tie that came under my hand was the one into which I had stuck it when I found it."

"Have you written down that statement?" this to his clerk.

"Yes. It's all down."

"Well, then, let us continue. Perhaps you know when and how you came into possession of this book," said the magistrate, producing a volume and laying it before me. It was an old copy of the "Memoirs of Abbe de Choisy," which I had brought over to Paris with me, and had left in my valise in the hotel.

"Yes," I said, "I remember that I picked it up on a bookstall on the Quai des Grands Augustins about seven years ago. It——"

"About seven years ago?" said the magistrate slowly, as if to give his scrivener time to get my answer written down.

"Yes. It was the first bargain I made, and that gave a taste for book-hunting. I got it for two francs, and it is certainly worth two hundred. It is the first edition.

"Where were you living in Paris seven years ago?"

"I don't remember. It was some hotel in the Latin quarter."

"And what were you doing?"

"I was trying my hand at belles lettres."

The magistrate here rose and touched a bell. To the usher who answered his summons he gave the order to introduce the Marquis de Kergardec.

It was the old gentleman who had been my travelling companion that morning. He bowed very politely to the magistrate, and gave me what I suppose was meant to be a withering glance.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the magistrate, "do you recognise this pin?"

"I do; it is one which belonged to my late brother, the Count de Kergardec. He brought the stone back from China, and had it mounted in the rue de la Paix. I recognise it all the more easily inasmuch as the setting, which is by no means a common one, was executed from a design I gave him."

"And this book?"

"As certainly. That book belonged to the Count. On the flyleaf is a dedication from the Abbe to Madame de Pompadour, our ancestor in the time of Louis XV. Besides, the Kergardec arms are stamped on the cover."

"Quite satisfactory. These two articles were amongst the contents of the valise stolen from the Count, your brother, at the hotel in Senlis on the night when he was murdered?"

"They were. But my declaration to the police, made at the time, must be still in existence. I set down the entire contents of that valise, which I could do all the more correctly that I had packed it myself."

"That declaration is in my hands. I only asked you for the form. Now, Monsieur," continued the magistrate, look at the prisoner. Do you recognise him?"

"I saw him for the first time in my life this morning."

"You are certain?"

"I am."

"Well, then, all that I have to ask you now is to sign the paper on which my greffier has written my questions and your answers. You can then withdraw."

The Marquis signed, and then departed, with another bow to the judge and another withering glance at me.

"What's all this nonsense," I said, when the door had closed on the old gentleman. "What's all this nonsense about a Count, a valise stolen, and a murder?"

"I am here to question," said the magistrate, "not you. Do you persist in refusing to state how this pin came into your possession?"

"I have told you all I know about it," I answered.

"Perhaps a little calm reflection will help to refresh your memory. I will see you again to-morrow. Meanwhile you will go back to prison."

"You might at least tell me of what I am accused."

"Of the wilful murder of Count Louis de Kergardec in the hotel of the Running Stag at Senlis on the night of September 12, 1881, and of the robbery of his valise which contained amongst other valuables the two articles found in your possession."

I burst out laughing. "Nothing else?" I said.

"Not that I am aware of," said the magistrate. "Please sign this paper after reading it. It is our conversation of just now."

I signed, and as I was leaving the room the magistrate added in a most paternal tone: "Yes, just try and remember how that amber pin came into your possession. It will really be worth your while to account for it."

That evening I was transferred from the depot to Mazas gaol, where I was put au secret. This rigorous measure did not affect me at all, as I had no friends to see and no letters to write.

I had an idea of writing to the English Embassy, but, knowing how unwillingly interference is made with the justice of a country, I as soon dismissed it.

The first question that the magistrate asked me on the following morning was:

"What were you doing at Senlis on the night of September 12, 1881?"

I said: "I don't recollect having been there at all in that year."

"Do you deny ever having been in Senlis at all?"

"No. Formerly I often used to pass through it whilst exploring the forests of Chantilly, and, now that I come to think of it, I did sleep there one night that I had missed the last train.

"Was it in the month of September?"

"Yes. Now I remember. It would be the tenth, eleventh, or twelfth. My birthday is on the 9th of September, and I had received a present of five pounds that year from an uncle of mine, which I spent on an excursion in the forest."

"Very good. It is well to be so frank. As a matter of fact, it was on the twelfth, as we have learned by examining the hotelwoman's register for that year. You are entered by your present name, and as a "man of letters." There can be no doubt that it is you. The age and nationality indicated are yours also."

A witness was then introduced in the person of Madame Perrin, the proprietor of the Running Stag Inn. She recognised me at once as one of her lodgers on that night, and her testimony was confirmed by that of an old servant of hers, who had shown me to my room.

After these had said all they had to say, the magistrate dismissed them, and proceeded to examine me as follows:

"You left the hotel early on the morning of the 13th, and took the first train to Paris. You afterwards disappeared. Where did you go?"

"I stayed in Paris a week and then went to London, where I have lived since. My affairs improved considerably, and I am now a successful man."

"Ah! Well, and about that pin? Have you remembered how you got it?"

"I have been cudgelling my brains all night on the subject, but I cannot remember."

The magistrate looked astonished. I had been so artfully frank so far, he thought,

in admitting what it was impossible to deny, that my inability to explain away this circumstance seemed to him extraordinary.

"It is unfortunate," he said. "In fact, a number of unfortunate circumstances are against you. By the way," he added abruptly, "what has become of Pierre Bastide?"

"Pierre Bastide? I never heard that name before."

"Yes, Bastide. The man who was in the hotel the same night as you were, and who is suspected to be your accomplice. At first we thought that he alone was responsible, but since we have found these articles in your possession——"

"Do you really think, Monsieur le Juge," I said, "that if I had murdered this Count to rob him, I should carry about on my person, and in full prominence, such very damning evidence against myself?"

"The crime is an old one. You may have thought it was forgotten. But we do not forget here."

"Enfin," I said. "I know nothing about this murder. I never heard of it. I slept soundly all that night, and went back to Paris at five in the morning, and passed the rest of the time that I remained here in the Hotel des Grands-Augustins. I remembered its name last night. I am a respectable man, and whatever fortune I have I owe to my industry and good fortune."

"Your statement will be tested. Meanwhile, let me put before you the position in which you stand. You seem to treat it with indifference, and I must warn you that it is a very serious one. On the 10th of September, 1881, Count Louis de Kergardec, an eccentric old gentleman, arrived at the Running Stag Hotel. The eccentricity of the Count consisted in always carrying with him all the money at his disposal, which, as he was a rich man, was usually a large sum. His valise, besides a change of linen, contained a certain quantity of bank-notes, and a few of the antiquarian treasures of the Count. He was a great collector of curios of all sorts, and if he always had so much money about him it was to be able to close a bargain at once for anything he might come upon in his travels. On the eleventh, a man passing by the name of Pierre Bastide, and describing himself as a cafe-waiter, came to the hotel and took the room at the top of the house. On the twelfth you came and after inspecting several rooms insisted on having the one adjoining that in the occupation of the Count. You refuse supper and go to bed at a remarkably early hour. The next morning—you had taken the precaution of paying your bill in advance—you leave the hotel hurriedly at five in the morning whilst it was still dark. At eight o'clock Bastide comes down to breakfast, eats quietly, pays his bill and goes away with his knapsack on his back. At eleven o'clock the woman of the house goes to wake the Count, who never rose before that hour, but is unable to do so. The door is locked, and the key is not inside the lock. The woman, seriously alarmed, has it broken down and finds the old gentleman lying dead in his bed, with his right temple fractured. All the valuables contained in his valise have disappeared. Suspicion immediately attaches itself to Bastide and to you. You are both searched for by the police, but in vain, and the affair was classed and forgotten, when, by the merest hazard the other morning, the brother of the victim recognised the Count's pin in your cravat. He immediately suspected you to be the missing Englishman, followed you the hotel, and then came and informed me of the circumstances. I caused you to be arrested and had your room searched, with the result that this book was found in your possession. You will admit that there is at least reasonable ground for suspicion. By the way, how did you get the money to pay your bill at the hotel, and to take your ticket to London?"

"I pawned a gold watch which had belonged to my father. The Mont-de-Piete lent me 160 francs on it. My bill at the hotel was 80 francs, and my ticket cost about 15."

"At what date did you pawn this watch?"

"It was about a week after I left Senlis. On the 20th or 21st of September."

"Please take that down very carefully," said the magistrate to the registrar. "It is of vital importance. Do you persist in denying all complicity in this crime?"

"Most certainly I do."

"If you could only explain about that pin. That is the terrible charge against you. Your explanation about the book is plausible enough. But the pin, the pin?"

"I am sorry not to be able to assist you in your investigation. I have told you all I know. I found it in a portmanteau which contained a lot of old things."

I was not brought up before the magistrate again until after several days. In the meantime mischief had been at work. The English and American newspaper correspondents had got hold of the story of my arrest, and of the odious crime of which I had been accused.

The most sensational reports had been printed, and, as I afterwards learned, my portrait had been given out in London and New York.

It was stated, what was perfectly true, that I had been in very needy circumstances in Paris and had done a variety of things to earn my living. The fact of my having been at Senlis on the particular night of the murder, and of the scarf pin and book having been found in my possession, were put into such prominence, that I do not believe a doubt existed as to my culpability in the mind of any English or American reader of my case.

Some imaginative "specials" went so far as to state that I had confessed, and had attempted suicide. On the other hand my numerous enemies and rivals could not refrain from pointing out with what marvellous, with, "what very marvellous," rapidity I had achieved success in a career in which success comes but to the very few, without reflecting how much in this career, as in every other, depends on good luck.

And, after all, my position was not such a very brilliant one. I know several chefs who would turn up their noses at my income, and, as to fame, the name of the smallest manufacturer of patent medicines in England is twenty times better known than mine.

On my third visit the magistrate received me with much greater courtesy than before. He said:

"I have examined your statements and find you have spoken the truth. The official record of the Mont-de-Piete makes mention of your having pawned your watch. The hotel-keeper of the Quai des Grands-Augustins remembers you as a quiet and industrious young man; and finally, one of my agents has succeeded in discovering the bookseller who sold you the 'Memoirs of Abbe de Choisy.' This person remembered the circumstance all the more distinctly that he had discovered, almost immediately after he had disposed of the book to you, what a treasure he had let slip out of his hands. He said he hoped you had got into trouble, as you must be a bad character to have paid two francs for a book worth five hundred. The only circumstance now against you is that of the possession of the pin."

"And that I am sorry to say I cannot explain. I can positively not remember how I got it, nor can I imagine how and when it got into my trunk."

"On the other hand," continued the magistrate benevolently, "our inquiries in London have produced satisfactory results, as far as your character is concerned. You are honorably connected, and appear to have been industrious and upright. If only you could explain that one obscure point, I could proclaim you innocent. Nay, do not start, you will be set free in any case, but unfortunately only under an order of non-lieu, or nolle prosequi, which is equivalent to a Scotch verdict of "Not proven." It is regretable to have such a bad memory."

The same evening, after various formalities, I had what the newspapers called "the extraordinary good fortune" to be set free.

I returned forthwith to London, besieged all the way by the untiring gentlemen of the press, and went straight to the house where my fiancee lived. I was received by her father, who said that under the circumstances he could not think of letting me marry his daughter until I had completely vindicated my character.

I turned on my heel, indignant at this injustice, and wrote to Clara; but the young lady left my letters unanswered, and when I called to see her, during the absence of her father in the City, she refused to receive me.

Apart from this, my sudden notoriety did me more good than I could have hoped for from years of industry and success.

I have on my table, now before me, seventeen letters from hitherto obdurate publishers, offering me my own price for any MSS. I may have in my drawer, forty letters from newspaper editors, inviting the contribution of my experiences in the French prison.

As many letters and telegrams from lecture agents, and two requests from theatrical managers, who want me to turn my trivial adventure into a five-act drama and a three-act comedy, not to speak of hundreds of letters of sympathy or abuse from all parts of the country.

What a commercial age is the one in which we are living, that I find myself congratulating myself on having had my name so splendidly advertised for nothing.

I am advised to make hay whilst the sun shines, and I may add that I have made a good deal of hay already.

It was only three days ago that some solution of the mystery of the amber pin presented itself to my mind.

I was in Berlin, and was walking down the Friedrichstrasse, when I passed a man whose face I seemed to remember, without being able to recall when and where I had seen it for the first time.

Suddenly, and I should be puzzled to say by what inspiration, I turned round and called out "Hi Pierre, Pierre Bastide!"

The man stopped as if struck from behind, and looked round at me; the face was very pale, and he was trembling in every part of his body. After a second's hesitation he started off running like a madman, as if his object were to put as large distance as possible between us two.

He was not, however, destined to run far, for, in dashing across the Friedrichstrasse, his haste was so blind that he did not notice the close approach of a heavy omnibus.

From where I stood I could see his peril, and dashed forward instinctively to help him. The same moment I heard a cry, and then the man went down under the horses' feet, and the great wheels rolled over his body, and crushed the life out of him.

He presented such a horrible spectacle when he was lifted up by the crowd which had collected, that I could not stay to satisfy my curiosity at the cost of my feelings.

The next morning I read in the "Tageblatt" that the person who had been run over in the Friedrichstrasse was a Frenchman who had been a resident in Berlin for seven years, where he had acted as valet de chambre in several houses, passing under the name of Michel Doriat. Immediately after his accident he had been carried to the hospital, where he had died in the evening.

Before dying he had been able to state that his real name was Pierre Bastide, adding that he wished to make a confession of some crime to the proper authorities. Before these, however, could attend the man had died. Amongst other houses where this valet had served was mentioned that of a certain Doctor H——, where he had stayed three years.

"Doctor H——!" I cried, jumping to my feet; "but I know that house. I dined there five years ago when I was over in Berlin as correspondent to the ——. Let me think. Ah! I have it now."

I had brought an introduction to Doctor H—— from a mutual friend in London, and, not having been able to see him on the day I called, left it with my card.

The next morning I received a telegram from the hospitable doctor, inviting me to lunch at his house that day. The telegram found me in bed, and it was then only twenty minutes off the hour fixed for the lunch.

I jumped out of bed, dressed in haste, and drove off to the doctor's house. As I was giving my hat and coat to the valet in the ante-chamber, I noticed that the man was staring at me in a curious way.

"What are you staring at me like that for?" I cried rather irritably.

"I beg Monsieur's pardon," said the valet, with all the politeness of his countrymen, "but if Monsieur will look in the glass."

"Dear, dear," I cried, when I had examined myself, "I was in such a hurry. I have forgotten my cravat. What shall I do? I say, my good fellow," this to the valet, as I handed him a thaler, "you must have plenty of ties to spare; run and get me one out of your room. Anything will do, as long as it looks tidy."

The valet hastened off, and presently came back with a black tie, a ready-made sailor's knot, very stiff and large. I put it on hastily, and, giving the man another piece of money, asked him if I might keep it to go home in.

"Oh, certainly," he said, "Monsieur has given me its value twice over."

Having a repulsion for other people's wearing apparel, I had taken the tie off as soon as I reached my hotel, and had flung it into my portmanteau.

It was the same portmanteau in which several years later I had found the scarf-pin which had got me into such trouble.

I imagine that the pin had slipped down between the card-board framework of the tie and its silk cover, and that Bastide had thought it lost, when he gave me his black sailor's knot. In flinging it into my trunk the pin must have fallen out, to remain undisturbed until that unlucky day.

Unlucky? Well, yes, inasmuch as what ensued brought about this cruel separation between Clara and myself.

Perhaps, though, a girl who could cast off a lover, as devoted as I was, on such a suspicion, is not worth troubling about, and, if I have here cleared up the mystery of the amber pin, it is only because I imagine the story to have some little interest, and by no means in order to vindicate myself in the eyes of Clara or of her father.

All the same—but there enough.

The Mother's Request.

BY BERTIE RAYLE.

"HENRY, are you going to the village?"

"Yes; I'm bound that way."

"Will you take the trouble to turn in, and do an errand for me with Mrs. Butler?"

"What! to old Nancy's?"

"Yes."

"Good gracious: that'll take me half a mile out of my way."

"No, no, Henry; not more than a hundred yards."

"Well, that's a bother. What d'you have errands for? I'd like to get off once in my life without being saddled with other people's business."

"Well, well, my son, if the trouble is too great, I will wait. You need not bother."

"Oh, don't try on that! Of course I'll go; but it's a nuisance, all the same. What's the errand?"

"I would like to have Mrs. Butler come up here to-morrow afternoon, and help me through the evening, if she can."

"Eh! what's up? Do you expect company? What in the world are you colorin' up so for? Have I startled you?"

"No, no, Henry. I was thinking. It was nothing of importance."

"But you didn't tell me if you expect company to-morrow."

"Yes, my son; I do. I expect Ella Mason will be here; and she may have a friend with her."

The look of sourness and crabbedness gave place to an expression of pleasant surprise, and, with a prolonged whistle, he turned away.

At a short distance he looked back over his shoulder, and called out, "Don't fret, mother; I won't forget Mrs. Butler."

And with that he was gone.

He was a handsome young fellow, was Henry Stevens, tall and strong, brown-haired and gray-eyed, with a face ruddy and healthful, and superior to the average of male faces in its manly beauty.

There were defects, however.

The eyes were not prominent, and they were too near together; and there was about the lips touch of harshness, almost of cruelty.

Yet he was a favorite in society, where only his best side was seen.

His age was two-and-twenty.

The mother, Mrs. Mary Stevens, was a widow, creeping on toward threescore, a mild-faced, patient woman, with a heart as tender and true as human heart ever was.

The cottage in which she lived was her own, left to her by her husband; and she had a few hundred pounds in bank.

Henry was not her only son.

He was the youngest—her baby, she had called him, until he had forbidden it—and was preparing for the bar.

He expected to pass his final examination within a month.

"Hallo!—mother!"

Ah! it was the voice of her eldest son, Jack, and pretty soon he came in sight.

He was three years older than Henry, and of different fibre.

He was not quite so tall, but broader of shoulder, heavier and stronger in every way.

His hair was of an auburn color—his brother called it "red"—and his eyes, full, large, and clear as crystal, were blue—a deep, prominent blue, like the precious sapphire.

His face would not, at first sight, be called handsome; but it was a good face, an honest loyal, trustful face; ay, and as one came to know it, and to know the man, it became truly handsome, in its way.

Of course, he had none of the statuesque, Apollo-like beauty that characterised the face of his brother.

He had learned the carpenter's trade, and was now, at the age of twenty-five, just entering business on his own account as a builder.

"Is there anything I can do for you at the village?" the eldest son asked, as he came near to where his mother stood on the doorstep.

"Yes, Jack, if it would not be too much trouble for you to bring home a small bundle for me."

"Can I lift it?"

"It's a small, square band-box, with a silk dress in it."

"Trouble!—you dear mother! Can anything I can do for you be to me ever a trouble. When it is, you can set me down for a brute, or a crazy man. But where am I to find it?"

"At Mrs. Stickney's. She will have it all ready for you."

"A silk dress! When will you wear it, mother?"

"Perhaps to-morrow."

"Eh! What's to come off, then? Is it company, or are you going away?"

"Jack, I expect Ella Mason will be with us on the morrow."

The young man brought a deep, quick breath, and a heavy sigh, all of which was clearly seen by a pair of bright eyes that looked out from the cottage, through the intricacies of the latticed vines.

"Well, well," said honest Jack, after a pause, "she'll make the old house seem like a corner of heaven; and I suppose Harry'll spruce up a bit, and put on a little good nature. She can be nothing to me; but may God and all the good angels bless her, nevertheless. Give me a kiss, mother. You don't know how well you look."

"Who could help looking well, with such a son, dear Jack?"

"Bah! If I am in any way degree worthy, I don't forget that it's to the very best mother in the world I owe it. There! By-bye!"

And he was gone.

And the mother went back into her pleasant sitting-room, there to join a fair-faced, golden-haired, blue-eyed damsel, who had been an unseen spectator and witness of the scenes we have depicted.

She had come from the railway station about an hour before, brought by private conveyance, with a veil over her face, and Mrs. Stevens alone, of all the people about, knew of her arrival.

Both John and Henry were expecting her to come to them on a visit ere long, but no time had been set.

Ah! little did either of them dream that her eyes had beheld and her ears heard them both on that day.

Ella Mason was the present visitor.

She was twenty years of age; a healthful, happy, laughter loving girl, honest and true, and beautiful enough to turn the heads and warm the hearts of a majority of the young men who became acquainted with her.

She was an orphan, her mother having died during her early childhood; her father remaining with her—or at least, alive to care for her—until she reached her eighteenth year.

Mr. Mason's business had called him abroad a great deal, and as he could not make a home for his child, he had given her into the care of Mrs. Stevens, whom he had known for many years, and in whom he had entire confidence.

And we may remark here, when the will of Mr. Mason was opened after his death, it was found that he left his daughter, Ella, heiress to fifty thousand pounds.

From the age of ten to the age of eighteen, Ella Mason had been reared in the Widow Stevens' family, in close companionship with her sons, John and Henry.

And who can wonder that both the boys came to love her?

The love of the younger and the handsomer son Henry, was bold and outspoken.

He seemed to fancy himself the lawful possessor; and, perhaps, he deemed himself invincible.

He had never directly asked her to be his wife, though he had very plainly intimated to her that he should do so when the proper time was come.

The love of John was more like worship, distant and silent.

He carried the dear image in his heart, praying always that her life might be blessed and happy; but he dared not hope that he could ever help to make it so.

And how was it with dear Ella herself?

Certainly, during the early years, Harry had been her favorite; and she may have appeared to prefer him later.

One thing in these later days, however, may have deceived people, and, very likely, deceived Henry himself.

It was his overweening sense of proprietorship, that gave the appearance.

He so boldly and selfishly appropriated the fair lady, as he would have appropriated any piece of property that he regarded as his own: and yet he did it in such a way that he could not open his eyes to his folly without taking the lead in a matter which had never yet been broached between them.

Had he spoken a single word of marriage, she could have very quickly set him right; but he had not done that, though he had often enough hinted at it.

"My dear mamma,"—so Ella Mason had always called her dear foster-mother, and had loved her the same—"my dear mamma," she said, as the widow returned to the sitting-room after the departure of Jack, "does the scene which I have just witnessed give me a fair representation of the domestic and loving characters of your two sons? I might call it their heart-characters?"

"Ah! Ella," the widow replied, with a sad and dubious shake of the head, "I can tell you nothing new. You know my boys of old. They have not changed."

"And is Jack always as good, as pleasant, and as cheery and willing to help, as he appeared but now?"

"Jack? God bless him! Yes, Ella, since the day when that boy first knew to choose the good from the evil, he has never given to me an impatient nor an unkind word—not one. As you have seen him to-day, so is he all the time. But let us not blame Henry too much. He comes honestly by his quality of mind and heart. His father was much like what he is now; but his father was never so handsome. Oh, Henry will grow to be a popular man, I am sure; and I do not believe he will ever descend to bad habits or evil practices."

That evening the two sons came home to supper, and were greatly surprised, as well as very much pleased, upon beholding Ella.

"Bless me! when did you come?" asked Henry, holding her hand the while.

"I came by the express, and I am just getting rested," she answered, promptly.

Now there were two express trains during the day, and the boys naturally took it that that she had come by the 4 p. m.; and at that let it pass.

They ate supper, and a pleasant evening followed.

Several times Jack tried to hold a scrap of conversation with Ella, but Harry pursued him out of the way; and more than once he did it very unkindly.

At length, after chatting with his mother for awhile, the poor fellow left the room, and went away to his own chamber.

"Poor Jack! He's kind o' grumpy, isn't he?" laughed Henry, after his brother had gone.

But no notice was taken of the unfeeling remark, and the matter passed off.

And the evening passed.

"Well," said Master Harry to himself, when he had reached his chamber, after the others had retired, "I'll pluck this plum while it is within my reach. It's about time we had an understanding as to when the event is to come off. I've no doubt she's anxious—waiting for me to speak. Well, we'll finish it up. She shan't wait any longer, poor girl."

On the following day, during the afternoon, Ella found Mrs. S evens with traces of tears on he cheeks, and was tenderly eager to know the cause.

"Jack is going away."

"Jack—going away! For what?"

"Ah! Ella; you should know. Poor boy! he cannot endure it. Oh, how he loves you!—how he loves you! But he knows it must ever be a one-sided love for him. He will go, and leave his brother be happy. Ella," throwing her arms around the girl's neck and kissing her, "don't speak of this. Oh, do not let anybody know what I have told you!"

"Hush! You know you may trust me. But, mamma, answer me a question, honestly and truly. If you could have your way, and you thought I would marry with one of your two boys, which of them would you prefer that it should be?"

"Ella!"

"Answer me—which one?"

"Oh, Jack—Jack! A thousand times—Jack!"

"Hush! Not another word! Go dry your eyes, and hold your peace."

Later on that same afternoon, Jack entered the cottage, finding his mother in the kitchen.

He had come to tell her that he had found a good lodging-house, which he could take when he pleased, and keep as long as he pleased.

He was still speaking, when Ella, with a light straw hat on her head, entered the room, and put her hand on his strong arm.

He trembled like an aspen.

"Jack, will you please come with me? I have something to say to you."

He went with her out of doors—out into the garden, and into a pretty little arbor of flowering vines.

"Jack!"—she had gathered all her courage, and all her strength; and her own great love, never before so great and palpable as now, gave her help—"Jack, why are you going away?"

He started, as from a blow, and gazed into her face.

"Ella!—don't ask me. Let me go—I must go!"

"Jack, why must you go?"

He looked at her, his frame shook from top to toe; he tried to speak, but could not.

The girl had taken him unawares.

He had not been prepared for such a question from her lips.

"Jack!" reaching a hand up to his great, broad shoulder, "would you not be willing to stop at home if I asked you to do it?"

"You? Ella! Why should you ask me?"

"Because the old home will seem to me deserted with you gone from it. Really, Jack, if you persist in going, I believe I shall go, too."

"Ella—Ella! No, no, no, no! You do not mean it. Let me go!"

"Don't be foolish, Jack. Open your eyes. What is it you think I do not mean?"

A single moment the strong man struggled with himself, and then burst forth, "Ella, I love you! I love you with all the love that is within me; as I have, I believe, loved you from the first. You are to me the all-in-all of life. Oh, how I love you! Could you love me in return?"

"Yes, dear Jack," the brave girl replied, frankly and honestly, at the same time giving him her hand. "I love you with all my heart and with all my strength. Will you stay now?"

He caught her to his bosom, and held her there a long, long time.

"Oh, Ella! This is not a dream! Can all this happiness be mine?"

"Ah! you share it with me, dear Jack; for in all my life I was never before so entirely so supremely happy as I am at this moment. Oh, Jack! I love you very, very deeply; and I fear not to trust my life in your hand."

"Darling! Oh, how I will strive for your good! And how devoutly do I thank Providence for this crowning joy and blessing of my life!"

Half an hour later they went in, hand in hand; and when the widow saw, her overwhelming joy was speechless.

But she found her speech by-and-by; and then they sat down, and very soon she had heard the whole story.

And that evening Harry heard the story.

At first, he refused to believe it; but when he had heard it from Ella's own lips, he could doubt no more.

His pride was more deeply hurt than his heart; for, in truth, himself was the only thing on earth which he wholly and heartily loved.

For a time he was very bitter, feeling that he had been wrong and defrauded; but his ill-temper fell back upon himself, having no power to mar the happiness of others and when he became conscious of the fact—when he saw that his making himself unhappy did not drive the smiles from the faces of the other inmates of the cottage—he held his peace, and ceased to find fault.

Several years had passed; the children of Jack and Ella were bright-faced and smiling as were their parents; Harry had found him a wife, and was the father of one child, a fine, dark-eyed boy, when, one day, as the two chanced to be for a little time alone together, at Jack's fine residence, Harry looked upon his hostess, and said, "Ella, I never asked the question, and yet I have often desired much to know when it was that you first began to like Jack. Are you willing to tell me?"

"I always liked him, Harry. How could I help it?"

"S, you liked me? You will not deny that. I mean, when did you first make up your mind that you preferred him to me?"

"Harry, you would be angry if I should tell you."

He promised her that he would not—promised so solemnly, that she finally consented to tell him.

And she told him of the scene with which our story opens; she told him how she had heard him answer his mother, and then how Jack had answered.

She so reproduced the scene, that he could not dispute it.

"Harry," she said, in conclusion, "in that hour I knew very well that I could never be happy as your wife. The man who could so talk to his aged mother would be likely to speak still more harshly to his wife after the glamor of the honeymoon was gone, and business cares had settled upon him."

Harry did not care to pursue the subject.

He had learned what he sought to know, and it had given him food for thought, if nothing more.

VARIOUS LOCATIONS OF THE CAPITAL.—The capital of the United States has been located at different times at the following places:—At Philadelphia from September 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from December 20, 1776 to March 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pa., from September 27, 1777, to September 30 1777; at York, Pa., from September 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778 to June 30, 1783, at Princeton, N. J., June 30, 1783, to November 20, 1783; Annapolis, Md., November 26, 1783, to November 30, 1784; Trenton from November, 1784 to January, 1785; New York from January 11 1785, to 1790; then the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

The belief has for many years prevailed among the negroes of the Southern States that the hand of a dead friend will bring continued prosperity to its possessor; and no doubt if the many-colored graveyards in that section were made to give up their dead, the skeletons of not a few would be found to be minus the right hand. The Southern blacks also believe that the big toe of a deceased friend, carried on the person, will keep away disease, and the toes of an enemy can be used as charms to conjure their enemies. Thus they originated the lines:—

"Wid dis boney toe,
I'll bring dem woe,
'Fore daylight in de morn'."

Voudou doctors—and there are plenty of them in the Southern States—carry on an extensive traffic in human bones and other portions of the body.

They use the skull to perform a mystic ceremony for the sick, or to bring luck to a poverty-stricken family; the ears are employed in another ceremony, the outcome of which is to find out what your enemies are saying about you, and the other bones all have a mission to perform while the voudou is humbugging his victim.

The voudou doctor is usually a naturally smart darky with a good flow of conversation and as much inventive genius as a confidence man.

In Washington of late the voudous have become rather scarce, as the police arrest them as vagrants whenever they put in an appearance.

The country negroes in South Carolina, Georgia, and portions of Florida have a very pretty and somewhat poetical superstition. During the stillness of the night, when the gentle swaying pine trees are singing their weird requiems, whole families will sit about cabin doors and listen intently to the music of the forest.

In its changing melody they hear the voices of dead friends predicting good or evil for the future, or revealing secrets of the tomb.

No reward could induce the negro surfmen on the North Carolina coast to walk along the beach at night, especially during a storm, when the lightning is flashing and the huge white-capped breakers come splintering in on the sandy beach. They imagine that they can see in the phosphorescent lights the forms of sailors who were lost at sea riding in astride of the huge billows.

On account of this superstition it has been found impossible to induce negro coastmen to enter the life-saving service, no matter how well adapted they may be for the work. The tedious night patrol along the desolate seashore is what they object to. The average seashore negro would almost rather die than to encounter the vague form of a departed sailor man in the surf or on the beach.

There are many minor superstitions among the colored people. If a cow stops in front of a house and bellows, it is a sure sign that some one on the premises will die. If the cow bellows twice, the party marked for dissolution will die in two days, two weeks, or two months. Should the animal bellow five times, which is a rare occurrence, a death will occur in less than one week. When a cock enters the house and crows therein, it means that the family will have visitors. To crow just outside the door indicates that the residents of the house will be suddenly called away on a mission.

Sometimes an overfed hen will make a sound which resembles the faint crowing of a young cock. This is regarded as an evil omen, and the luckless hen is always decapitated when its owner is at all superstitious. Scientists say the sound is caused by indigestion. The darkies have a verse they repeat in this connection. It is:

"A whistling woman
And a crowing hen
Will never come
To any good end."

The owl usually hoots three times. When this uncanny bird forgets itself and increases the number of hoots to four or five, the plantation negroes regard it as an omen of sickness, starvation, or death. To kill a cat means that the person who did the killing will have seven years of bad luck. To catch a water-snake on your fishing-line is a sure sign that your enemies are trying to entrap and kill you. Thus the negroes say:—

"Catch a snake,
Let him go,
For death is a comin'
Sho and sho."

To see a flock of crows hovering about your house is a very bad sign, and to drop your Bible while going to church indicates that the devil is after you.

To see three white horses at the same time is an omen of death, and to find a toad in your path is a certain sign that a marriage will shortly take place in your family. The average southern darkey sees an omen for good or evil in nearly every animate and inanimate object, and they believe in these omens almost as religiously as they do in the Bible.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS M. D., Examiner in Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng., in speaking of Bright's Disease, says: "Death is usually hastened by uric acid poisoning, serous inflammation, bronchitis, pneumonia, dropsy, or by apoplexy." Warner's Safe Cure is a guarantee against fatality from these terrible maladies, because it cures the cause (diseased kidneys), and puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, enabling them to expel the poison or waste matter from the system.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

The population of the United States at the last census, June 1, 1880, was 51,155,783. Of this number, 43 475 840 were of native birth, and 6,679 943 were born in foreign lands, the proportion being respectively 86 68 and 13 32 per c nt. In respect of race, 43 402 970 were white, 6 580 793 negroes, 105,465 Chinese, 148 Japanese, and 66,107 Indians, not counting Indians still upon reservations or in tribal relations. In respect to sex the males were slightly in excess, there being 25,518 820 males, to [illegible] females.

Here is a story told as a solemn fact: "Ladies and gentlemen," said the manager of a Boston theatre, coming in front of the curtain at the end of the fourth act, "we have just discovered the cause of the stifling temperature from which you have all doubtless been suffering. The house has been on fire for nearly half an hour. In assuring you of my regret at the occurrence and the unavoidable necessity of bringing the performance to a close, you will permit me to express my heartfelt joy that we have succeeded at last in thoroughly warming up a Boston audience."

Andrew Nagle, a farmer of Sumter county, Georgia, went to Americus last week in an unsuccessful effort to make a loan. He returned home Friday night, retired to the orchard and prayed for relief. During the night he dreamed about overhauling some old furniture, etc., left in the barn loft by his deceased father. Early Saturday morning he was so impressed by the dream that he made the examination, and in turning over an old crock a piece of money dropped out. In the crock he found, it is said, $200 in twenty-dollar gold pieces and 50 silver dollars. He is now engaged in overhauling the entire plantation.

The two great branches of the English-speaking race have this in common, that they criticise themselves very frankly, in a way one rarely finds among Germans or Frenchmen. It comes perhaps from the habit of local self government. If the streets are not well lighted, or if one's horse stumbles over an ill-kept pavement, the natural impulse is to complain of it to everyone we meet and to write about it in the local newspaper. Instead of putting only our strong points forward we are always ready to discuss our weakest side. This must always be remembered in digesting the criticisms of Englishmen. Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, have said nothing about Americans more unpleasant than they had previously said about their own countrymen, and why should we expect to fare any better? It is only in foreign countries that even we Americans stand up resolutely for our own land.

To poo poob what we are never likely to possess is wonderfully easy. The confirmed celibate is loudest in his denunciations of matrimony. In Æsop, it is the fabulous fox that advocates the disuse of tails. It is the grapes that we cannot reach that we call sour.

IMITATION IS IMPOSSIBLE.

It has been shown that in many cases it is easy to successfully imitate.

Scarcely has a new invention been announced before a host of imitations spring up on every side.

No higher encomium can be paid the inventor or discoverer than to encounter imitation, notwithstanding such flattery is not acceptable.

In some cases successful imitation is rendered impossible, inasmuch as the imitator is unable to lend a complete knowledge to the subject or has not the means at hand to aid him.

Perhaps no article has been the object of attempted imitation more than the world-wide specific for the prevention and cure of kidney and liver disorders, favorably known as Warner's Safe Cure.

In the preparation of this intensely popular remedial agent, it is claimed that it is impossible to successfully imitate safe cure, even if the correct formula is known, because the peculiar devices and highly expensive mechanism used in its manufacture are beyond the reach of the would-be imitator.

Adding to this the lack of a long experience, which has rendered perfect every step in its preparation which inventive genius can suggest together with the great skill exercised in the selection of only the very best materials, the genuine article is perfection itself.

Some effort is also being made to imitate a popular line of old fashioned log cabin "home cures" known as "Warner's Log Cabin" remedies comprising a sure panacea for the blood, hops and buchu for the stomach and system, cough remedy for colds, rose cream for catarrh, extract for relief from pain, hair tonic, porous plasters and pills.

Successful imitation is rendered impossible for the reason that the same care has been given in their preparation.

An expensive laboratory, costing thousands of dollars, has been specially constructed for their manufacture and is under the immediate supervision of one of the best chemists known.

Poor material and means employed would be susceptible to easy imitation but with the best of material, machinery and skilled labor employed, these well-used articles are given to the public beyond the reach of all successful counterfeiters.

Our Young Folks.

THE KING'S COAT.

BY PIPKIN.

ONCE upon a time the Fairy King tore his coat. It caught in the prickles of a thistle when he was running past trying to catch a grasshopper.

'Never mind, we shall get the coat mended," said the Fairy Queen; "and you ought to be very glad, my dear, that you were not swallowed. Did you not see the big donkey eating those tall cats? Why, when the leaf caught your coat, the donkey might have gobbled you up."

Then she called 'Spinky! Spinky!"

Spinky came at once, and the Queen told him to go out and find something to mend the King's coat—either to patch it or to darn it.

"And whoever gives you a gift," said the Queen, "shall be brought to Fairyland, and whoever refuses you shall serve the giver."

Spinky went into the field and saw a poppy, and said, "Poppy, poppy, give me a bit of your red silk."

'No," said the poppy; "I want all my red silk for myself."

But the poppy shook his head so fast that he fell to pieces; he might as well have given one petal to the fairy to mend the King's coat.

Spinky went on farther, and came to an orchard where there was a cherry tree, and he said to the ripest of the fruit, 'Cherry, cherry, give me a bit of cherry-skin."

'No, I want all my cherry-skin for myself," said the cherry, and he turned away so quickly that he broke from the branch and fell down, and a boy picked up the fruit, and said, "Here is a ripe cherry fallen down," and popped it into his mouth.

So the cherry might as well have given one little bit to the fairy to put a patch in the King's coat.

Spinky went on farther, and came to a sunny wall, and saw a white cat washing her face.

"Pussy cat, pussy-cat," said the fairy, going towards her, "give me a bit of white fur."

"No," said the white cat; "I want all my white fur for myself."

And she crouched, and shook her shoulders, and sprang down off the wall to catch the fairy as if he were a mouse. But there was a muddy ditch under the wall, and she fell into it, and it took the cat a whole hour to wash herself clean again; so she might as well have given a bit of fur to the fairy to darn the King's coat.

Spinky escaped by flying up into a tree, and there he saw a bird building its nest.

"Birdie, birdie," he said, "give me one of those feathers."

"Oh, no!" chirped the bird; "I want all my loose feathers for myself. See how the ill fly ones line my nest. Go away! go away! go away!'

The bird screeched so loud that the cat looked up; and then, as the cat knew where the nest was, the bird had to begin all over again in another tree; so she might as well have given one feather to the fairy to mend the King's coat.

Spinky went on farther, and came to a town, and there he saw a little barefoot child sitting on a doorstep.

The fairy took the form of a poor old woman, so as not to surprise the child, and the poor old woman said—

"Little one, little one, give me something."

"I would if I could," said the child.

So the old woman put a hand on her head, and the child did not know that a short bright lock of her hair had come off in the old woman's fingers.

"What is your name?' the old woman said.

"Maggie, but they call me Mopsie, because my hair is so curly."

"Shut your eyes, Mopsie," said the old woman.

Little Mopsie shut her eyes. There was a perfume of flowers, stronger and stronger; music began softly on many little instruments; the sunshine seemed to her closed eyes to fade, as if darkness was around her.

Mopsie opened her eyes. It was night. Soft moonbeams came down through the trees—oh! such big trees as she had never seen before.

The grass was white with moonlight, and sparkling with diamonds of dew. The very largest mushrooms that were ever seen were growing all over this space among the trees.

Mopsie did not know anything about mushrooms, but she saw these beautiful big things shaded from yellow and orange to brown, and standing all about in the shape of umbrellas.

She herself was seated under one, and when she looked up the under side of it was like a round roof, all white, like edges of the leaves of a book. Mopsie saw that this huge mushroom was one of a circle that stood at even distances all round the open space among the trees.

Under the mushroom she sat, with her bare feet stretched on the moss, and with a silken garment, red and gold, laid across her lap, and a white bell-shaped flower on her finger for a thimble, and a needle in her hand as fine as the threads that float in the sunshine.

The silken garment was red in the shade and turned to gold when it caught the light; and for mending-silk she had a curl of gold.

It was quite easy to thread the needle, quite easy to darn the hole, though the threads out of the curl were all very short and very fine.

From among the trees sweet music came all the time, as if hundreds of players were playing softly on little flutes, and harps, and drums with tinkling bells; and the flowers that filled the night with perfume were such large flowers as mortal eyes never beheld.

They were all at a little distance down the glade—farther on than the circle of mushrooms.

Mopsie saw lilies-of-the-valley with bells as big as cups, and clover that she might have put both arms round, and what she called "butter and eggs" grew up like yellow and golden spires; and wild roses on bushes were, to Mopsie's sight, as big as tea-trays.

'Little one, little one!' said a voice, "would you not like to have more light to mend the King's coat?"

And there stood the old woman of the street again.

"Yes," said Mopsie, "I might mend it faster then."

The old woman changed into a fairy of Mopsie's own size. It was Spinky, of course, and he whistled as a man does for a dog.

A rustling noise and a bright light came through the trees, and out marched a procession of glow worms, all shining, and each one as large as a tortoise. These beautiful bright insects came in procession and then ranged themselves in a half-circle around Mopsie.

After that Spinky lighted the lamps, which were immense white convolvulus cups trailing over the bushes.

So Mopsie had plenty of light to work by and she soon mended the hole in the King's coat.

When it was done, she looked up again. All the crowd of fairies had gathered round her—hundreds of them—beautiful beings dressed in radiant colors, and all about her own size.

The King put on his coat of red and gold; and the Queen, who was in white, said, "Thank you, Mopsie."

Spinky came forward, and said, "My Queen, my Queen! what shall we do for the little girl with bare feet? for she said she would give me something if she could, and that is how I got the golden curl to darn the King's coat."

"All that refused shall serve her," said the Queen.

Then the crowd of fairies began playing on harps strung with a nice tough kind of spider's-web that is found in Fairyland, and on flutes cut from the green stalks of corn, and on drums made of bark with closed daisies hung around them, shaking and ringing like bells.

Another crowd came running to Mopsie with a dress of splendid red, and this they slipped over her poor little frock; and on her feet they put little shoes made out of cherry-skin.

Then a beautiful white animal was led up to her. It was a huge cat, about the size of a pony. The fairies put her on its back, where she looked grand in her dress of poppy-leaves, sitting on the snowy white fur; but when the cat set up a noise like the bass-note of an organ Mopsie nearly fell off in a fright.

"Hold on!' said the fairies. "Did you never hear a cat purring?" So she held on, and the cat gave her a most delightful ride while the little fairy crowd ran after her.

When the ride was over, and Mopsie was sitting under the mushroom again, the band of players made quiet music, while a bird sang high up in the trees.

"Oh, what a song!" said Mopsie. "And oh, what trees! they are so nice."

"We ourselves are little things," said the Fairy Queen. "We live amongst the flowers and insects, and they are large to us; so when you came to see us we made you be of our own size for once. See these orange and white mushrooms stand in circle; mortals call them poison, and tread them under foot; but they belong to the fairies, and they are large enough to give us shelter."

"I'd like to live among you always," said Mopsie.

"Mopsie, Mopsie!" Spinky said, "you must go home at once if you envy us. Anyone in the whole wide world would rather be a child than a fairy."

So the fairies put Mopsie back on the doorstep again, and she opened her eyes and thought she had been asleep; for she had no red silk dress on and no cherry-skin shoes, and the sun was shining and the sparrows were outraging.

But, as all good fairies are kind, and as children can never dream such dreams, what are we to think if we do not think that Mopsie had been to Fairyland?

Anyhow, she had enjoyed a happy hour; and it seems quite as likely that one had been given that treat by the fairies as that the little King got his coat torn when he went in his very best clothes among the donkeys and thistles.

Hateful is the power, and pitiable is the life, of those who wish to be feared rather than to be loved.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Royal College of Surgeons, University of London, Eng., says: "Loss of appetite, loss of eyesight, dyspeptic symptoms, irregularities of the bowels, are some of the symptoms of advanced kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure cures these troubles, because it removes the cause, and putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, enables them to expel the poisonous or waste matter from the system. This is why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many symptoms that are called diseases.

WHAT BECAME OF IT.

BY SHEILA.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of valentines were scattered about the floor; some in envelopes, some in boxes, all shapes and sizes.

The curious part of it was that every one was addressed to the same person; for on every one was written, in very crazy letters, "Herbert Wilson, Esq.

Bertie was simply bewildered. Who could have sent so many pretty valentines to him?

Quickly taking hold of the biggest box, he began to open it. All at once the lid flew up, and hit him in the face.

Then the other boxes jumped up, and began to knock his head, arms, and legs; and then they all began shouting, "It is Valentine's Day at last."

Bertie rubbed his eyes, gave himself a shake, and woke to find that it was only a dream.

There were no valentines knocking him, but his sister Rhoda was knocking at his door, trying to wake him, and shouting, "It's Valentine's Day. Wake up, Bertie! I wonder who will have the most valentines?"

With one bound Bertie was out of bed, and before Rhoda had finished tying her pinafore he was half-way down-stairs.

"Rat-a-tat-tat!" came the postman's knock at the door, and five letters were left in Bertie's hands.

But just as he was going to examine his treasures a hand was stretched over his shoulder, and Rhoda snatched the letters from him, and ran with them into the breakfast-room.

"Rhoda! Bertie! What a noise!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson.

"Mother—the letters!" gasped Rhoda, quite out of breath.

"Valentine's Day," said Bertie; "there's one for me on top."

"Say 'Good morning' properly, children, and give me the letters," exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

He looked at the letters.

'One for Rhoda, one for mother, and three for me," he said; "there are none for you, Bertie. You are not 'Herbert Wilson, Esq.' The top one is for me."

Bertie went very red, and murmured something about feeling sure it was for him, but no one took any notice.

"There, Master Bertie," cried Rhoda, who has had no valentines!"

But Bertie was anxiously watching his father. Mr. Wilson, however, did not seem in any hurry to open his letters.

"Well, as it is Valentine's Day, children," he said, "how would you like a half holiday this afternoon, and drive with me into town?'

How would they like it? Rhoda beamed, and troubled Bertie nearly smiled.

"I am sure they would like it very much," said Mrs. Wilson. "What time do you start?"

"Two o'clock; so come home early from school."

"It is time you were off now, children," said Mrs. Wilson. "Run and get ready now."

Rhoda jumped up, but Bertie walked very slowly. As he passed behind his father's chair he glanced longingly at the unopened letter.

When he returned to the room with his hat on he looked very unhappy, for he saw the letter in his father's hand. He stepped forward to speak, but to his surprise his father said—

"I am sorry, children, to have to disappoint you, but this is a notice of a meeting which I must attend. I shall have to go into town much earlier."

"Oh!" said Rhoda; and it was a very long "Oh!"

Mr. Wilson turned to his wife.

"It is very queer," he said. "I thought the meeting was next week, not this."

"Ask Mr. Brown about it," said Mrs. Wilson; "he is sure to know."

"I will. Rhoda, as you go to school, take this note in to Mr. Brown, and ask him if he has one like it."

"Shall I take it?" asked Bertie.

"Well, you may both take it; and if it is all right you need not come back."

Bertie put his satchel over his shoulder very thoughtfully—so thoughtfully that he never noticed that he had forgotten to put any books in it first.

Rhoda took the big umbrella, and then hand-in-hand they went down the walk.

Bertie looked very cross. He felt so worried that he never even looked around to wave his hand to his mother, who stood at the gate watching the children.

"Bertie," said Rhoda gently, "it is a pity we cannot have our ride."

"Um!" said Bertie.

"Bertie," said Rhoda again, "I am sorry I had a valentine and you didn't. You are certain to have one some time to-day, because"—then she hesitated—"because I sent you one myself."

"Rhoda, I'll——" began Bertie, but just then Rhoda ran across the road to a gentleman.

'Oh dear, it's Mr. Brown," said Bertie. He watched Mr. Brown open the letter, he saw Mr. Brown frown, and then heard him say something about "No notice; nonsense! Speak to father." Then frowning, Mr. Brown walked back to the house, followed by Rhoda and Bertie.

"Did you mean to insult me, Mr. Wilson," asked Mr. Brown, "sending me such a silly verse like this, and asking if I had received one?"

"Verse," said Mr. Wilson, "verse? I sent you a notice of a meeting."

But Mr. Brown passed him the paper. On it was written in very tipsy letters the following:

"The rose is red, and the violets blue,
Carnation's sweet, and so are you;
And so are they that send you this,
And when we meet we'll have a kiss."

Mr. Wilson seemed too astounded to say anything.

"There's something written on the other side of the paper," said Rhoda.

Mr. Wilson turned it, and there, on the back, was the notice of the meeting.

"There," he said, "that is what I meant."

"And that, sir," said Mr. Brown, "you will see is a week old if you look at the date. Some one has played you a trick."

"Rhoda, Bertie, do you know anything of this?" asked Mr. Wilson.

Rhoda shook her head, and Bertie—where was Bertie?

Why, trying to hide behind the laurel bush; but when Mr. Wilson called "Bertie," he came out.

It was easy to see that he was the culprit, and Mr. Brown, with a hasty "Good morning," walked away.

"Oh, father," said Bertie, "I got the paper from your desk, and I didn't know there was anything written on the other side. The valentine was not for you, but for me."

"For you?" said Mr. Wilson.

"Yes; I wanted to get more valentines than Rhoda," sobbed unhappy Bertie.

"Then why did you send it to me?" asked his father.

Bertie wiped his eyes, drew himself up, and said, "I am 'Herbert Wilson, Esq.' as well as you."

Mr. Wilson laughed; he could not help it.

'Oh, Herbert Wilson, Esq., Junior, you are a pickle! Come to your mother and be talked to. It's a very good thing for you I did not go to the meeting."

That night Bertie again dreamt of Valentine's Day, but there was only one this time, and that was not addressed to "Herbert Wilson, Esq.," but only "Bertie."

THROUGH STONE WALLS.—An old writer says: "When men lived in houses of reeds, they had the constitutions of oak; when they live in houses of oak, they have constitutions of reeds."

Evidently the truth inculcated is that the better the air and more bountiful its supply, the healthier is the inmate of a house, be it palace or cottage. Too often the very wealth of a house builder militates against his splendid mansion becoming that ideal house of comfort that it should be and the inmate of some wretched, leaky little hovel, perched on a rocky hillside, will have every advantage over such a one as regards vigor of body and elasticity of spirits.

Science tells us that there is a needed respiration for the walls of our houses, and that, fortunately for us, whether conscious of it or not, the materials of which our modern houses are made admit of the passage of air in a greater or less degree. Brick, stone, wood and mortar, solid as they look to us, are easily pierced by that volatile fluid which we call air.

Such is the elasticity of air that, fortunately for us, a slight force only is needed to put and keep it in motion. The difference of 20 degrees Fahrenheit in temperature between outdoor air and indoor air will cause the passage of about eight cubic feet of air each hour through every square yard of wall surface made of brick.

A plastered wall also admits of the free passage of air, and actually serves as an efficient filter by arresting the progress of dust or any of those particles—often injurious—with which the atmosphere is laden.

Heat is the great motor for ventilation, whether natural or artificial, and the great problem in winter is to introduce a sufficient quantity of pure warmed air to make one's room comfortable without attendant draughts that shall imperil the health of their occupants.

Open fireplaces, whether the fuel consumed in them be wood or coal, are among the very best ventilators that we have, and yet the question of expense is bringing them more into disuse.

But there is no need to be discouraged on that score, because the eyes of practical people are being opened to the importance of combining the twin forces of heat and ventilation in such a manner as shall tend, in the future, to prolong life as well as render it more comfortable and enjoyable.

THERE are some persons so "refined" that they are as effectually encased from contact with their fellow beings as if actually boxed in by glass and wood. A mispronounced word, an ungrammatical expression, is with them sufficient to outweigh any degree of moral worth. To be sure, it is pleasant to an educated person to meet both refinement and worth; but he who accepts the former at the price of the latter, or turns away from the latter because not framed in the former, is always a surface creature, whose skim-milk verdict of approbation is better lost than won.

The woman question—Is he rich?

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Professor in University College, London, Eng. Examiners in Medicines, Royal College of Surgeons, says in reference to advanced kidney disease: "Complications are met, such as consumption, heart disease, morbid conditions, liver affections. Warner's Safe Cure cures these affections by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, thereby enabling them to expel the waste or poisonous matter from the system.

A BIRTHDAY.

BY J. W.

Up from the underworld they come again,
  Dim forms of vanished years;
And some rose-garlanded, nor known of pain;
  Some pale with tears.

The golden summer of gone girlhood's days,
  When all the world was young;
The glittering star-gleam; the bedizened sprays
  Where hoar-frost clung.

Rose-scented gales that are the breath of June;
  The north wind's bitter blast—
With many voices do they sing the tune
  Of life that's past.

And could they tell us of the years to come—
  Would it be better so?
But nay; the Book is sealed, their lips are dumb;
  We may not know.

I can but wish you what is good and great,
  True-hearted till the end,
Nor ever daunted by an adverse fate,
  Nor lacking friend.

And if it be that you must tread alone
  The long and empty years,
Wear still rosemary for the past you've known,
  With hopes, not fears.

MATCH MAKING.

In giving a brief account of the process of match-making one can hardly make a more fitting commencement than by referring to the timber yards in which the raw material is stored before the nimble-fingered workers have brought their wondrous machinery into play.

The stock of pine for the splints and of spruce for the boxes is sometimes so great in value as to amount to $200 000 at one time.

The first building to which the visitor is taken is the saw-mill. A machine is planing down the rough planks to an ivory smoothness at the rate of 40 feet a minute. The next operation is that of cross cutting the wood into blocks, double the length of a finished match, which are then placed in steam chests for half an hour to render them soft and moist.

In this shed a little machine is busy making bottoms of match boxes at the rate of 200 a minute.

Passing to a second room, one sees and marvels at the work of different machines which are making splints.

After being steamed, the match blocks are cut up by a single operation into these splints or dummy matches of double length, each machine producing 12,000 a minute.

The newly made splints are gathered up by boys who, by a rapid turn and shake, remove all dust and refuse and then tie them in bundles of 4,000.

In this department a dozen machines are cutting and shaping match boxes. With one boy to manage it, each machine turns out 300 per minute.

Outside the building are drying stoves, each measuring 15 feet by 12 feet and 12 feet in height, which are heated by steam to a temperature of 85 or 90 degrees.

By hand work a very clever girl can finish as many as fifteen gross boxes a day of "common work," ten and twelve gross being an ordinary rate.

There are solidly constructed cellar stores in which are kept the crude paraffin, glue, chlorate of potash, gums and other chemicals used in match making, as well as bales of cotton, of which the body of the wax match is made.

In the factory large copper vats are filled with the finest white wax, melted by steam.

The bales of cotton are wound over large drums until the centre is reached; the strands being separated into 100 threads composed of about 20 ends each. The drum is then unwound and the 100 threads are passed through a bath of the melted wax, at the bottom of which are holes of the exact diameter of the taper to be made. When the waxed threads fill up the holes the taper is finished, and they are, after five or six dips into the bath, finally wound, always to the number of 100, round a drum and stored away ready for cutting into lengths.

Cutting the finished wax taper into match lengths is an exceedingly pretty operation. A flying knife cuts the tapers running off the drum seventy-two times in a few seconds, thereby producing thousands of match lengths, which a girl meanwhile fixes into a frame ready for dipping. The frames are about 2 feet square, each match being fixed in firmly in an upright position and separated by a small space from its neighbor.

The "dipping," or heading with the composition which ignites the match upon friction being employed, is then performed. The composition in a moist state is placed in an iron trough or bed, the quantity being regulated by a gauge at each "dip." A "frame" of matches is then allowed to fall into the trough to the required depth, and when removed in about eight or ten seconds each match has a head on its shoulders ready to flare up when struck.

The dipped frames are then placed in drying rooms, small chambers built of brick, with iron doors, in which revolving fans are hard at work. In case of an accidental ignition the door can be closed and the matches can burn quietly out without doing further damage.

In the box filling rooms some 300 girls are engaged in removing the dried matches from the frames and putting them into the various tasteful little boxes which are so familiar.

The wood match factories are four in number and are built of solid brick and iron. In the first, 250 machines are at work on splints.

The first operation is to form the splints into "coils" corresponding to the "frames" of the wax matches, preparatory to dipping. This is effected by placing the splints across a narrow band of webbing and rolling it up until a firm circular block is formed in which something like 5 000 splints are fixed at regular intervals. It is then levelled to absolute uniformity by a kind of light steam hammer. The ends of the splints are made hot and dipped in melted parraffin and are now ready to receive their "compo" heads.

This process is similar to wax match dipping, with this difference, that both ends have to be dipped as the splints are as yet two matches in one.

After one end has received its modicum of "compo" the coil is sent a journey along a travelling endless band down to a second dipping bath, the short transit sufficing to dry the heads enough to enable the second operation to be performed without damage to the first.

Both ends having been properly dipped in the igniting preparation, the double-headed matches are put in the drying rooms.

When a batch is sufficiently dried there is a "giving out" of coils to the "boxers," who come up in single file to the drying room to receive each her coil.

The girls next remove the dried double matches from the coils in an ingenious machine, and they are then ready for cutting in two, to make single matches and putting into boxes.

At the filling tables the operator has before her a pile of empty boxes and a supply of finished double matches. With the left hand she opens a box, with the right she grasps a certain quantity of the matches and places them in a mold, through the middle of which she rapidly passes the knife, and instantly she has before her exactly the quantity of single matches required to fill her box, which she does in two turns of the hand.

Grains of Gold.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

The mother grace of all the graces is Christian good-will.

Better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.

All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself.

Which is the best government? That which teaches self-government.

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty.

It is difficult to believe that a true gentleman will ever become a gamester, a libertine, or a sot.

It is not our criminal actions that require courage to confess, but those which are ridiculous and foolish.

Gentleman is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the mind and the feelings in every station.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel.

Femininities.

Waiting-maids—elderly spinsters.

The cotillion is only just becoming fashionable in English society.

Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.

A diamond robin, perched on a branch of pearls, is a conspicuous hair ornament.

Russian tea at $4 a pound is the kind used at afternoon receptions in New York.

Mrs. Astor, of New York, never invites the same people to dinner twice in a season.

Nursemaids in Russian garb are one of the picturesque sights of fashionable New York.

Powder and patches begin to be worn by the more daring dames of the great world in Paris.

A novelty in silver is a riding whip with stirrups and bridle in the centre. It makes a serviceable pin.

In Bohemia there is a belief that 7 year old children, by dancing in a field of flax, will become beautiful.

White underwaists will be worn again this summer, both by very little children and those of larger growth.

The Indiana woman who only a short time ago was married for the seventh time is now seeking a divorce.

Bunches of curls at the back of the neck are the newest mode of hairdressing in Paris, but as yet they are seen only in the theatre.

Old woman presents herself at ticket office and asks for a ticket. "Where for?" inquires the clerk. "That's my business!" was the reply.

When silk has lost its gloss and becomes limpsy it may be restored by sponging with a solution of half an ounce of gum tragacanth in a pint of hot water.

The newest and oddest way to beribbon yourself is to pass a wide one diagonally from shoulder to belt and tie the ends at the back quite upon the shoulder blade.

To clean pie plates that have long been used for baking, put them in a large kettle of cold water and throw on them a few hot ashes or cinders and let them boil for an hour.

Bella: "Don't I look like a perfect fright in my new sack, though?" Clara, absent mindedly: "Yes." Bella: "You mean thing! I'll never speak to you again so long as I live!"

Edward, who has taken his girl to Delmonico's and given her a $10 dinner: "Well, darling, what do you think of Del's?" Girl: "I think that French waiter has the loveliest eyes I ever saw."

To make tough steak tender, take a teaspoonful of salad oil, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, a little cayenne pepper. Lay the steak upon it and let it remain one hour, then turn over and let it lie an hour.

Princess Marie Theresa of Bavaria, who has a mania for pets, travels throughout Europe with fourteen animals of one sort and another, including several dogs, two magpies, an enormous rat and a diminutive bear.

Miss Uppercrust, out shopping: "What a beautiful woman!" Mrs. Uppercrust. "Yes, but she doesn't amount to anything—moves in some vulgar set or other. I just heard her ask the price of a bonnet before trying it on."

A rural matron had the right idea when, finding herself unable to whip her husband, she shouted to her son, who was upstairs in bed, "Bill, come downstairs and lick thi feyther, or else he'll be th' maister o' th' whole house!"

An English newspaper records a strange story of suicide of a young girl for love. The mother of her affianced lover had objected to the marriage, saying he was too lazy to keep her. But this regard for his interests touched the poor lass the wrong way.

Shoe dealer, to boy: "Where are you going, James?" James: "Up to Mrs. Smith's, sir. She ordered a pair of No. 2 shoes to be sent." Shoe-dealer: "All right, James. You had better take along a pair of No. 3's also."

Jones, who is canvassing the borough: "Oh, what a very charming baby! I've always taken such an interest in very young children. How old is it?" Elector's wife, with pride: "Only just fourteen weeks, sir!" Jones: "Really! And—er—is it your youngest?"

The newest society fad is in reference to the addressing of letters. Formerly the endearing title was "My Dear Mr." or "My Dear Miss." Now this is regarded as the commoner expression, and "Dear Mr." and "Dear Miss" is taken to express greater endearment.

An English paper says: "Confectioners are surely at their wit's end for new devices when they make knives of sugar and call them 'Jack the Rippers.'" The indecency and coarse obliquity of this method of pushing trade among children can hardly be too strongly condemned.

Paris is to have a beauty show where the first prize will be $2,000, and the public will be invited to make bets upon the different contestants. Leghorn recently had such a show, but the exhibits were so unsatisfactory that the audience broke up the affair by hissing them off the stage.

A French savant has recently announced his belief that women are increasing in size. Certain it is that the hands of the average woman are much larger now than formerly. The happy change in public opinion which enables women of all ranks to work with their hands, and take pride in doing so, may not be without effect in enlarging those members.

The negro soon learns the ways of white society and sometimes produces laughable results in the practice. A colored cook in the family of an army officer stationed in Washington has issued cards to her African friends for Tuesdays in May. Having had the misfortune to lose her husband, she accents the fact of her widowhood by a deep mural border of black about the cards.

Masculinities.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

A man who does not think as you do is apt to be pig-headed.

A man who does not know anything is pretty sure to tell it the first chance he gets.

A golden racquet and pearl-set ball are linked together in some very new cuff buttons.

To prevent a bruise becoming black and blue, rub first in sweet oil, then in spirits of turpentine.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

A man we have heard of is so short that when he is ill he don't know whether he has headache or corns.

Some of the new scarfs make a fellow as conspicuous as a highly polished name plate on a shabby front door.

A scarf pin shield that will protect its wearer from entanglement with a girl's hair would be a boon to mankind.

The favorite mare of the late Crown Prince Rudolf is, by command of the Emperor, never to be saddled again.

The average size of an American family, says a Western paper, is 4.13. The fraction probably stands for the old man.

Domestic discipline is maintained in Dahomey by the dread every wife feels lest her husband may give her to the king for a soldier.

Albert Rosebush, a Branford, Conn., lad, smoked 10 cigarettes in four minutes on a wager, and is now suffering severely for his foolishness.

"What death would you prefer to die?" said one person to another.—"I don't exactly know I should like to try seven or eight before deciding the point."

"How did I get rich?" quoth Commodore Vanderbilt once. "Why, chiefly by buying things when everybody else was scared to death and bound to sell out."

Some scientific men declare that it is impossible for man to think without words. That may be, but we all know that it is possible for a man to use words without thinking.

A contented mind. Papa (that is to be): "What are your prospects, Mr. de Brasen?" Mr. de B.: "Merely that of being your son-in-law, sir. I don't want anything better."

She: "You must never let father see you put your arm around my waist." He: "Why, would he be so angry?" "No, dear, but he would try to borrow some money from you."

"Who was that young fellow here last night, Maria? It was after 2 when he left." "He is one of the clerks at Blank's, papa." "He must have charge of the correct department—he's such a stayer."

Mrs. Herway: "Dear me, I'm getting so stout! Do you think I could manage a tricycle, Charley?" Mr. Herway, married four years: "Manage a tricycle, my love? You can manage anything."

Husband: "The photographer is ready to take your picture, dear." Photographer: "Yes; all ready. Now look pleasant." Wife, before the camera: "My dear, I think you'd better go into the other room."

Pell: "By Jove, old man, that's a pretty necktie you have on!" Mell: "Yes; I flatter myself that I have good taste in selecting neckties. Have a cigar?" Pell: "Thanks. (Lights it.) Ugh! (Puff.) Did this cigar come with the tie?"

Finjones: "Did you go to the theatre last evening, Percy?" De Brown: "No; I attended a sleight-of-hand performance." Finjones: "Ah! Where?" De Brown. "I went to call on Miss Le Smith and offered her my hand, but she slighted it."

A man who had suffered much at the hands of umbrella thieves, has outwitted them by purchasing an old-fashioned blue cotton umbrella and breaking off six inches of its handle. He leaves it in church vestibules and railway waiting-rooms with impunity.

Miss Trevenor: "Awfully sad about Bessie Menard, isn't it?" Miss Kleiman. "Why, I haven't heard! Is she ill?" Miss Trevenor: "A thousand times worse than that. She told Charlie Horton that three rings were an fait this season, and he broke the engagement."

Emperor Francis Joseph has purchased the Mayerling estate, which was owned by the late Crown Prince Rudolf. The main building will be converted into a Carmelite nunnery. The room in which the Crown Prince committed suicide will be turned into a chapel. Other parts will be fitted up as an asylum for aged and infirm residents of the district.

A colonel of a regiment which served during the last war for a short time met one of his men in the streets a few days since, and after talking over camp life, the former private said, "I tell you what it is, colonel, the boys used to grumble about you, but they were ungrateful fellows; they ought to be thankful to you, for you always kept them out of danger, colonel."

The revenge of time. Tapeyard: "Who is that stunning girl you raised your hat to?" Ribboniey: "Miss Goldie Bullion." Tapeyard, timidly: "She didn't return your courtesy. Perhaps she doesn't know you." Ribboniey, bitterly: "No! she does not know me now; but when I am the only young man at Ocean Foam next summer she will not only know me, but pine for me in vain."

Some years ago an American sailor, named Carl Benjamin, was wrecked on one of the largest of the Caroline Islands. He decided to make the island his home, as there was no work to do and plenty to eat. The natives, who are very good-natured, took kindly to him and have made him their king. He is a somewhat scholarly man, and is diligently teaching the natives English and the rudiments of civilized life. He has 23 wives and 50 children. Nothing, he says, would induce him to go back to his old home, Newburyport, Mass.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Last American" contains a good, though scarcely original, idea, but is not so well carried out as it might be. A party of Persians in the twenty-fifth century accidentally strike the shores of the United States, which country has relapsed into barbarism and ruin. There are many good bits and pictures in the work that make it very readable. Stokes & Bros. publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

"The Little Pilgrim" is a book, purporting to give the experiences of one who is supposed to have entered into the glory of heaven. Though the theme is a delicate one to treat without mawkishness, or giving offence, the author has succeeded in avoiding anything that suggests coarseness of handling and teaches many beautiful lessons, in a most quaint, simple, and impressive style. Roberts Bros. Boston, publishers. For sale by Lippincott.

Mr. E. P. Roe's "The Home Acre" is a book whose interest is only exceeded by its usefulness. Its purpose is to show city-living people the advantage of getting a "home" with an "acre" of land about it in the country, and how to best go about making this "home acre" enjoyable, beautiful and profitable. Mr. Roe wrote as one having experience whereof he spoke and with his heart in his task. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Between Two Loves" by Amelia E. Barr, is a tale depicting the struggle in a poor good girl's heart, between wedding a rich lover, or standing by her shiftless, careless, and, save for her, friendless brother. To accept the lover would be to abandon him to possible ruin. All comes right in the end of course, but the plot the scene, the characters, and incidents of their working but form an exceedingly interesting narrative. Published by Dodd Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott.

S. A. Kean & Co., Chicago, have published a new and revised edition of their "Digest of Laws" governing the issue of Municipal Bonds, which cannot fail to be of interest and value to investors, including Savings Banks, Insurance Companies, Estates and Individuals. It will also be valuable to authorities of States, Counties, Cities, School Districts, etc., who contemplate issuing bonds. This book will be more valuable from the fact that Messrs. S. A. Kean & Co., have had more than twenty-five years experience as Bankers and Dealers in Investment Securities. The same firm also issues a very valuable little book on "Bond Values and Interest Tables." Both publications are got up with a care and style, fully appropriate to their high public value.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

One of the most interesting articles in the *Quiver* for May is called "The Distinguished Contract Laborer," and refers to the Rev. Walpole Warren, the clergyman who was imported from England to fill the Holy Trinity Church, New York. There is a portrait of the reverend gentleman, with pictures representing the interior of his study, or "sermonizing den," and the exterior of his church. This number of the *Quiver* is particularly rich in fiction, while there will be found no lack of more substantial reading, such as "The Wesleyan Methodist Conference," "A Writing Lesson," "To the Lions" and "Memorable Letters and their Writers." There is a profusion of poetry and a goodly number of "Short Arrows." Cassell & Co., New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for May is a photogravure reproduction of G. P. Jacomb-Hood's "The Triumph of Spring." N. V. Diaz is the subject of the paper on "The Barbizon School." We are given a portrait of the famous painter and several engravings after his works. Ford Madox Brown follows with a paper on self-painted pictures. Frederick Wedmore has an interesting paper on "Our Elder Art at the Grosvenor Gallery," giving some fine reproductions from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough. The papers on Art are continued. There are no more interesting illustrations in the magazine than those from the self-made portraits of Sir Frederick Leighton, Josef Israels, John S. Sargent, Luke Fildes, and Jules Breton, all of which hang in the famous Kepplestone Gallery. From these modern painters, we we are taken to "Ancient Art in Ceylon," and a batch of very modern art notes. Cassell & Co., New York.

WHY PRO GOLF—At a very successful seance in Cincinnati recently, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle.

"Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper.

"Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't a died, he would have been husband instead of me. Oh, George, George," he muttered, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you peg out?"

IT is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at play. We uniformly applaud what is right and condemn what is wrong, when it costs us nothing but the sentiment.

MOST complexion powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

ORDERED TO BE STUFFED.

A rich foreigner, named Sutherland, naturalized in Russia, was banker to the Court, and in high favor with the Empress. He was roused one morning by the information that his house was surrounded by guards, and that Rellew, the Minister of Police, desired to speak with him. This personage, entering without further ceremony, at once announced his errand.

"Mr. Sutherland," said he, "I am charged by my gracious Sovereign with the execution of a sentence, the severity of which both astonishes and grieves me; and I am ignorant as to how you can so far have excited the resentment of her Majesty."

"I am as much in the dark as yourself," replied the banker; "but what are your orders?"

"I have not the courage to tell you."

"Have I lost the confidence of the Empress?"

"If that were all, you would not see me troubled. Confidence may return—position may be restored."

"Am I to be sent back to my own country? or, good heavens!" cried the banker, trembling, "does the Empress think of banishing me to Siberia?"

"Alas! you might some day return."

"Am I to be knouted?"

"This punishment is fearful, but it does not kill."

"Is my life, then, in peril? I cannot believe that the Empress, usually so mild, so gentle—who spoke to me so kindly but two days since—'tis impossible!—for mercy's sake, let me know the worst; anything is better than this intolerable suspense."

"Well, then," said Rellew in a melancholy tone, "my gracious mistress has ordered me to have you stuffed."

"Stuffed!" cried the astonished banker, horrified.

"Yes; stuffed with straw."

Sutherland looked fixedly at the Minister of Police an instant, and exclaimed—

"Sir, either you have lost your reason or the Empress is not in her right senses; surely you did not receive such a command without endeavoring, at least, to point out its unreasonableness, its barbarity?"

"Alas! my unfortunate *friend*, I did that which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not have dared to attempt. I manifested my grief, my consternation; I even hazarded a humble remonstrance; but her Imperial Majesty, in an irritated tone, bade me leave her presence and see her commands obeyed at once, adding these words, which still ring in my ears: 'Go, and forget not that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur any commission with which I may deign to trust you.'"

It would be impossible to describe the horror, the despair, of the unhappy banker. After waiting till the first burst of grief was over, Rellew informed him that he would allow him a quarter of an hour to settle his wordly affairs. Sutherland wept and prayed, and entreated the Minister to take a petition from him to the Empress. Overcome by his supplications, the magistrate consented to be his messenger, and took charge of the missive, but, afraid to return to the palace, he hastily presented himself at the residence of the English Ambassador, and explained the affair to him. The Ambassador, very naturally, supposed the Minister had become insane, but, bidding him follow, he hurried to the palace. Introduced into the Imperial presence, he told his story with as little delay as possible. On hearing this strange recital the Empress exclaimed—

"Merciful powers! what a dreadful mistake! Rellew must have lost his wits. Run quickly, my lord, I beg, and desire that madman to relieve my poor banker of his groundless fears, and to set him at liberty immediately."

The English Ambassador left the room to do as her Majesty required, and on his return found the Empress laughing immoderately.

"I see now," said she, "the cause of this inconceivably absurd blunder. I had for some years a dog, to which I was much attached. I called him Sutherland, because that was the name of the English gentleman who presented him to me. This dog died, and I gave Rellew orders to have him stuffed. As he hesitated, I became angry, supposing that from an excess of pride he thought this commission beneath his dignity. That is the solution of this ridiculous enigma."

NOT LONG AGO, two french ladies at Cannes fought a duel with pistols, and one of the combatants died a few days later from the results of a wound which she received in the encounter. We don't think that duelling is a good institution, even where it is practised only by men, and there can scarcely be two opinions concerning its absolute unsuitableness as a settler of feminine quarrels. And yet there have been many women duellists. Three years ago a French lady of fashion called out a man who had insulted her, and fighting him with a light sword, wounded him in the wrist. In olden times, feminine duels were quite common. The Countess de Polignac quarrelled with the Marchioness de Nesles about a no less important personage than Cardinal Richelieu, and, in the combat which followed, shot part of her opponent's ear away. As for the marchioness, she fired too, but unfortunately, she fired in the wrong direction, and hit a tree. In the same century, Mdlle. d'Aubigny killed in succession three men who had the temerity to accept her challenge. Let it be admitted in their favor that they did not know that she was a woman: for she had the habit of dressing as a man.

THE Devil never tempted a man whom he found judiciously employed.

A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption, which is universally acknowledged to be scrofula affecting the lungs, would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is *not* incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. Thousands gratefully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alterative, or blood-cleanser and nutritive, or flesh builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, "Liver Complaint," and Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy.

GUARANTEED. "Golden Medical Discovery," is the only medicine of its class that is sold by druggists under a printed guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.

"The Handy Binder."

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

HE DIDN'T GO.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the draper's shop," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You may if you'll wait outside," she said.

"How long shall I wait for you, my pretty maid?"
"Until I look over the patterns," she said.

"And how many patterns, my pretty maid?"
"Some of calico, some of silk, some of satin, some of linen, some of lawn, some of velvet—ribbons, trimmings, buttons, gloves, laces, embroideries—"
"I cannot go with you," he gloomily said.
—U. N. Nonn.

Pleading at the bar—Begging for a drink.

The path of duty—Through the Custom House.

Before slates were in use people multiplied on the face of the earth.

It is better to give than to receive—especially in a personal encounter.

The man who figures in an explosion begins at the bottom and works up.

Mutineer, to seasick passenger: "Throw up your hands!" Passenger, very weakly: "I'll try."

"You look so much like your brother," said Damis to Phelim, "that I could tell you was brothers if I'd never seen either of you."

She, enthusiastically: "Ah, how nice it must be to be famous! How I wish I had a name!" He, bashfully: "Aw—er—what would you say to mine?"

It is strange that in this age of enterprise nobody has thought of going West and raising corned beef on the hoof by feeding them with their own horns.

An Irishman was planting shade trees when a passing lady said: "You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr. Haggerty?" "No, mum; Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."

A young physician was showing a friend a recent purchase he had made in the way of a skeleton. "Very interesting," commented his friend; "one of your patients, doctor?"

Fond mother: "Tommy, darling, this is your birthday; what would you like to do?" Tommy, after a moment's reflection: "I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked!"

Fast train. A railway passenger was aroused from a serene slumber the other night by the tooting of the whistle, and exclaimed: "The train has caught up with those cattle again!"

To one of the well advanced classes the question was asked, "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" was the immediate response from a bright member of the class.

"Look here, sir; your dog took a big piece out of my leg!" Farmer: "It was a mere playful freak." "Oh, it was, eh? Then I don't want to be around when he means business."

Behind the times. "We should like to see your mother, if she is not engaged." Seven-year-old: "Engaged! Goodness, she was engaged long ago, and got married before I was born."

Old lady, to her niece: "Good gracious, Matilda, but it's cold! My teeth are actually chattering." Loving niece: "Well, don't let them chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought 'em."

Putting it gently. Would-be vocalist: "Well, professor, you have heard my voice. What is the best you can do for me?" Professor: "Persuade you to abstain from singing. Four dollars, please."

Some rash fellow says that the giving of the ballot to women would not amount to much, for none of them would admit that they were old enough to vote until they were too old to take any interest in politics.

"Who held up Moses' hands while Joshua fought the Philistines?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Hur and Aaron!" shouted the good boy. "She and Aaron," softly corrected the new teacher.

A colored preacher, commenting on the passage, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves," said that the mixture should be made in the proportion of a pound of dove to an ounce of serpent.

Binks was asked the other day to give an epitaph for a pet fawn, whose demise was a great grief to the owner. He immediately proposed, "The deer departed;" which so pleased the lady that she forgot her grief.

"In the accounts of the marriage of the Emperor of China," said Mrs. McCrackle, "I see that his household comprises seven cooks and thirty physicians." "That's about the right proportion," remarked Mr. McCrackle.

A paper tells of a local preacher who has received for salary this year nothing but a currycomb, a keg of varnish, and two dozen clothes-pins. Whenever his children cry with hunger, he rags them with a clothes-pin, scratches their stomachs with the currycomb, and lays on a coat of varnish.

"My friend," said a solemn man, "have you ever done aught to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?" "I have done much," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow-beings." "Ah!" continued the solemn man, with a pleased look, "you distribute tracts?" "No, my friend, I clean carpets."

I WAS ATTACKED WITH INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, and suffered acutely, getting no relief from the treatment I at first tried; the Expectorant of Dr. Jayne however, speedily changed the symptoms, and I believe saved my life.—Mr. HARRY MARTIN, Cawnpore, India.

FIVE WISE AND FIVE FOOLISH.—A novel wedding in colored society took place in Richmond at the church of the Rev. John Jasper, the famous author of "De Sun Do Move" theory. The bride waited at the pulpit while ten virgins with their lamps burning went down the aisle to meet the groom who stood at the door. As they walked the lamps of five foolish virgins went out, whereupon they were summarily expelled from the building and were forced to stand on the pavement outside during the entire ceremony. This was according to programme.

Then the five wise virgins, whose lamps were burning brightly, escorted the groom up the aisle, where he was met by the bride, while the choir sang "Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh."

IT is the best use of fate to teach a fatal courage. Go face the fire at sea, or the cholera in your friend's house, or the burglar in your own, or what danger lies in the way of duty, knowing you are guarded by the cherubim of destiny. If you believe in fate to your harm, believe in it, at least, for your good.

IT COST TOO MUCH.

The Sad Experience which befell One of the Astors.

In the early days of the direct tea trade with China, importers were anxious to secure the earliest cargoes of a new crop.

The fastest clipper ships were engaged in the trade. Great haste in loading them was followed by a hot race to reach New York first.

The first cargo brought the best price and large profits. The successful Captain was always rewarded, so every known aid to navigation was adopted.

The young captain of one of Mr. Astor's clippers bought, on one of his trips, a new chronometer, and with its aid made a quick passage, and arrived first. He put the price of it into the expense account of the trip, but Mr. Astor threw it out, insisting that such an item of expense for new fangled notions could not be allowed.

The Captain thereupon resigned and took service with a rival line.

The next year he reached port long in advance of any competitor, to the great delight and profit of his employers, and the chagrin of Mr. Astor.

Not long after they chanced to meet, and Mr. Astor inquired:

"By the way, Captain, how much did that chronometer cost you?"

"Six hundred dollars," then, with a quizzical glance, he asked:

"And how much has it cost you, Mr. Astor?"

"Sixty thousand dollars."

Men are often unfortunate in the rejection of what they call new fangled notions.

There are sick men who refuse, even when their physicians tell them they cannot help them, to take Warner's Safe Cure, because it is a "new fangled" proprietary medicine. The result is they lose—life and health.

Thousands of other men have been restored to health by it, as the testimonials furnished to the public show. These testimonials cannot be doubted. The proprietors have a standing offer of $5,000 to any one who will show that any testimonial published by them is not, so far as they know, entirely true.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, Fellow of the Royal Society, of Edinburgh, the editor of "Health," London, Eng., says, in his magazine, in answer to an inquiry, "Warner's Safe Cure is of a perfectly safe character, and perfectly reliable."

The refusal of a manufacturing firm to pay for the patent of a new invention by one of their workmen, cost them their entire business. A new firm took out the patent and were soon enabled to make goods enough cheaper to drive the old firm out of business; and many a physician is daily finding his patients, long-time chronic invalids, unaccountably restored to health by the use of the new kidney specific. New fangled notions are sometimes very valuable, and it costs too much to foolishly reject them.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

987 Hidden Name and Motto Cards, Gems Pictures, Puzzles, Games, Agents' outfit (and premium) All for a 2-ct. stamp. Hamden Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

LADY AGENTS. Free SAMPLES. Quick Sales. Large Profits. Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O

DIXEY'S Hand Chair grows the heaviest beard and hair on a smooth face. Use Page's Hair Renewer and produce a heavy growth. Guaranteed not to injure the health. Sold by druggists. Circular free. PAGE'S MFG. CO., Paterson, N.J.

75 CARDS. 25 New 1-C-E Name Cards, 25 Escort Cards, 25 Fun, 1 Gilt Edge and 1 Set Name Cards, all for 10 cents. Agents' Sample Book and Outfit, 10 cents. Union Card Works, Station 14, Cleveland, O.

SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Creams**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium" for a number of years, I cheerfully testify to its efficacy in removing dandruff and preventing the hair from falling out. It also renders the hair soft and luxurious.
MRS. M. L. HARDT,
No. 108 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1880.
Having used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past fifteen years, I cheerfully recommend it as a valuable preparation for the hair, thoroughly cleansing the scalp, and efficacious in case of nervous headache.
MRS. J. C. URLE,
No. 612 Pine Street.

It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and feel sure I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.
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Respectfully,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Mauve and apple-green, the favorite colors of the ladies of the Empire period, have found their way as favorites among us. They are much admired, when, in addition to bead trimming, they are toned down by a pleasing arrangement of black Chantilly lace and made up for evening hoods and dainty caps for elderly ladies' wear.

Children imitate the fashions of their elders with much success. For instance, a little girl of from four to six years old looks charming in a red cloth peasant mantle lined with quilted yellowish satin. The full width is set on in plaits round the shoulders, and a stripe of gray fur surrounds the mantle.

A hat with large brim, under which the little face almost disappears, looks best with a mantle.

Marie Antoinette fichus made of white or colored linen trimmed with lace are much worn to Directoire costumes.

At parties among the French aristocracy the ladies are indulging in just a dash of powder, and younger ones venture upon "beauty spots" in the shape of patches of sticking-plaster.

Small gauze or lace Manon collars almost covering the shoulders are also coming in again, together with small slightly gathered flounces, formerly called furbelows.

The display of artificial flowers made this year is almost beyond compare; and so true to nature as to deceive even quite experienced eyes. We see every sort of dewy looking roses, carnations of various kinds from hot-house flowers to wild pinks, whilst daisies, ranunculuses and azaleas rival lilac, mignonette and violets.

Full bows of ribbon are still usurping the place of green leaves.

White, lilac and black ribbon velvet are worn for half mourning; blue flowers and colored azaleas are mixed with reddish lilac ribbon.

For roses, ribbon the same color, olive or light spring green are generally chosen; forget-me-nots are mixed with olive or blue ribbon, violets with white, and pale blue with pale lilac.

The downy seed pod of the faded buttercup looks excessively well between loops of broad ribbon grass.

Swiss manufacturers are busy producing great varieties of printed foulards, which are now very fashionable. Dotted, figured, flowered and striped patterns are printed in every color and on every colored ground.

As regards the latter, pale green is one of the newest things, a sort of dull blue is also new, and then we noticed that curious half purple half copper color or porphyry tone, which is classed among the reds and distinguished for its fine light effects.

Colored Pompadour patterns alternate with openwork stripes or lacy leaves, whilst very lovely mixtures of black and white are available for those who prefer simplicity.

Stripes are even more prominent in silks than last season. New designs in black silks have alternate stripes of armure and brocaded satin. Sometimes of equal width, but more frequently with the brocaded stripe much the widest and having the effect of a broad ribbon laid on the armure. This "ribbon effect is noticeable in many of the richer silks. Brocades, in solid colors and in contrasts, bid fair to regain their old-time popularity, floral designs being in the majority, both conventionalized and in graceful, vinelike patterns. Gorgeous silks, for combination with plain silks and fine woolens, are in cashmere colors and patterns.

With "the warm sun that brings seed time and harvest" comes the necessity for a new parasol; a canopy top with an ornamental carved wooden stick, she buys, if she wishes to be among the leaders in the

The Norfolk, with canopy top but gathered between the ribs, is among the novelties; also accordeon-pleated covers to match the dresses with this trimming. The best efforts of one firm are shown in the style and sticks rather than in any eccentricity or extreme in color and material. The designs are artistic, in good taste and of a sufficient variety to please the most fastidious. In the way of handles there is an endless variety—carved celluloid (which the uninitiated believes to be ivory), metal covered with silver and carved twisted wood are, perhaps, the most taking.

It is said that small trees are now being cultivated for these handles, the roots being twisted and turned to make them grow into the odd and fantastic shapes so much affected at present.

Printed India silks are used for covering, as well as surah in plain shades, stripes and checks. Weight is an important matter to be considered in the way of a parasol, and even a light lining adds perceptibly.

The La Tosca we owe to Sarah Bernhardt, and, like her, it is long, slim and sleek as any sapling ever seen, and quite as much of a favorite as the famous French woman. Those of extreme lengths measure fifty inches from point to point, and are sometimes carried by gentlemen.

Sun umbrellas are really large parasols in plain colors, and are to be carried when the weather is doubtful, for they will bear the rain as well as sun. There are days when "the hooded clouds, like friars, tell their beads in drops of rain and patter doleful prayers;" days when every human creature who goes abroad is forced to obey that paraphrased injunction, get umbrellas honestly, if you can—but get umbrellas. Titles to umbrellas are very uncertain and elusive things—in law possession is but nine points, with umbrellas it is ten. A cheap umbrella is good enough to lose, but a good one is a desirable possession; if we feel able to maintain our right and title to such a one we go to a good store and buy one covered with gloria silk, having a fine hammered silver handle, and feel we are armed against a wet fate any way. Helvetia is a silk and cotton fabric, not much heavier than silk. It is largely used for coverings, and one which wears far better than cheap silk.

Serge and Levantine weaves are also used. Gold and silver handles are in good demand, but some artistic or fantastic shape of natural wood is considered very desirable.

Weichsel, the German cherry, which holds a delicious, fruity perfume so long as it lasts, is a great favorite with those who have no desire to go to extremes.

An ornament which is increasing in favor is steel embroidery. It is less ostentatious but not less effective than the other metals. A toilette which I have recently seen ornamented with it, designed to be worn at a distinguished nuptial mass, was of fine cream white wool, with the yoke of the corsage, the cuffs, and a rounded girdle covered with the steel embroidery. Figaro jackets are embroidered with it, and the corselet and high collar which accompany a shirred guimpe, with perhaps a tab to loop the skirt and a light border around its edge.

Gray crepe de Chine is frequently embroidered with steel, it being a general rule in using the metal ornaments so much favored at present to apply them on some tone of the color of the metal itself—steel on white or gray, gold on ecru or brown tints, and so on.

The wedding dress of one of the Spring brides, writes a lady, is simply perfect, being all softness of lace and mousseline de chiffon in front, and the brocade at the back is so skillfully draped as to show none of the usual stiffness of bridal gowns. The design of the brocade is daisies and their leaves. The lace trims the border of the train all round, and is surmounted by a soft drapery of mousseline de chiffons, caught at intervals with sprays of orange blossoms. On the front, the lace is brought up on the right side to the waist in lovely folds so that the edges rest upon the satin in slightly diagonal line. It is then carried round to the left side, where it falls in waving lines just where the train begins.

The mousseline de chiffons is draped all down the left side of the dress like snowy cobwebs.

The bodice is made with a high collar, and the front is filled in with muslin, lace edging either side of the brocade in front.

A sash of the fairy-like muslin falls from the waist, edged with lace. The sleeves are high, and puffed on the shoulder.

A small cluster of orange-blossoms nestles at the waist, and a chatelaine of similar flowers is to droop among the lace and muslin.

Odds and Ends.

OF COOKING APPLES.

Claudius Albinus, an old Roman, is said to have eaten a bushel of apples at each meal! If this was meant as an act of piety we think his faith in the goddess must have been gigantic, and cannot help feeling that the consequences must have been disastrous, yet, although we do not recommend such a wholesale consumption of the fruit to our readers, we believe that apples, in one or other of the many forms in which it is possible to present them, would be a desirable and wholesome addition to our daily meals, especially at a time of year when fruit is scarce. Acting upon this conviction, we have gathered the following recipes from various reliable sources.

Apple Trifle.—Take a dozen large and good cooking apples. Pare and core them. Stew the cores and parings in half a pint of water, keeping as many of the pips as possible in the cores. Add to the liquor thus produced the grated rind and juice of two lemons, and a tea-cupful of brown sugar; now add the apples and stew in this syrup, taking care that it does not burn. Cut into three slices of equal thickness, a six-penny Madeira cake, place a slice in a deep glass dish, pour over it a wine-glassful of brandy; spread thickly over it a layer of the pulped apples; repeat the process till the two remaining slices of cake are used, leaving the top slice without a layer of apple. Arrange the rest of the apple around the base of the cake. Now beat thoroughly the yolks of two eggs, to which add half a pint of milk and half a pint of cream; sweeten with white sugar; put it over the fire, stirring it until it is just upon the boil; now pour it over the apples; chop two ounces of sweet blanched almonds, strew over the custard, and lay upon the whole a fine whip of cream, made some hours previously; arrange spoonfuls of red-currant jelly around the base of the trifle; dye with cochineal a little white sugar, strew over the top, and serve.

Pippin Tarts.—Take three large Seville oranges, peel them very thinly, boil the peel until it becomes soft, then chop it small; then pare and core four dozen small golden pippins, boil with only enough water to cover them; when nearly done, add a pound and a half of brown sugar, the chopped peel and juice of the oranges; boil all together till smooth, and allow it to cool; line your patty-pans with thin paste, fill up each with the fruit, bake for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in a brisk oven. These tarts are equally good cold or hot.

Marmalade de Pommes.—Peel some golden pippins, core them and cut them into very thin slices, put them into an earthenware or stone jar; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water; to every pound of apples add three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a small half-tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon; put the saucepan over a moderate fire; frequently shake the contents of the jar, but on no account stir with a spoon; when the marmalade looks smooth and clear put it into preserving-pots, and allow it to cool before tying down tightly.

Pommes Glacees.—Pare the apples; boil them in water; drain well; put in a wide-mouthed jar or deep dish; get ready a syrup of boiling sugar, pour it over, and let them remain in it a day and a night. Remove the syrup, boil it up; again throw it over the apples; repeat this process four times in four days. Now take out the apples, and dip them into a fresh syrup, boiled until it snaps; lay them upon sheets of paper in a dry place. This makes a very nice dessert-dish.

Apple Pudding a la Mode.—Take a half dozen large apples, peel, core, and cut them into quarters; steam or bake in a covered dish until they are quite soft; mash them to a pulp: add the grated rind and juice of a lemon; beat up the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; add a quarter of a pound of butter just melted over the fire; mix the whole smoothly together; line a dish with a light puff paste, bake twenty minutes, and serve.

Pommes a la Duchesse.—Take a dozen small apples, peel, core, and steam them until quite soft. Pulp them, mix smoothly with two well-beaten eggs, a gill of cream, some powdered white sugar, and bread-crumbs enough to form them into small cakes; lay them in a pan of boiling butter, and when nicely browned take them up. As soon as they are cold, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, lay on each a spoonful of cream, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve.

"MAMMA," said a wee child, one Sunday evening, after having sat in the house all day like a good child, "have I honored you to-day?"

"I don't know," replied the mother; "why do you ask?"

"Because," says the little one, shaking her head sadly, "the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long,' and this has been, oh! the longest day I ever saw!"

OPPOSITION.—A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have to be good for anything.

Confidential Correspondents.

R. I. N.—Weakness of sight generally begins to show itself by defective vision at dusk, and when the lamps are first lighted.

M. S.—The salaries of the Ministers to England, France and Russia, the positions being of the first class, are $17,500 per year.

BRIDGE.—The span of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) bridge is 1595 feet; the approach on the New York side is 2492½ feet, and that on the Brooklyn side 1901 feet.

B. E. A.—On the engagement being broken off, you could write, saying that, as you are returning all the letters and presents sent to you, you would like yours also returned.

I. G. N.—Black trousers should certainly be worn as a part of evening dress. Should the lady refuse on your asking her to dance, it would not be at all improper to ask another to dance with you.

AMBO.—Any young man can enter upon the study of law in this country, no matter what his previous education may have been. Consult some lawyer of your acquaintance as to the best course to pursue in the matter.

SEMPER.—It is not known who invented the game of draughts. It has been common in China and India for ages, and was played by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. Its invention belongs to pre-historic times.

E. PARKER.—The line, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is in "Troilus and Cressida," act iii., scene 3. Shakspeare puts it in the mouth of Ulysses, in the famous scene in which he plays upon the pride and vanity of Achilles.

H. C. L.—Each Congressional district and Territory, also the District of Columbia, is entitled to have one cadet at West Point, the cadet to be named by the Representative in Congress. There are also ten appointments at large, specially conferred by the President.

SANFORD.—At a church wedding the bridegroom's relatives should sit at the right of the altar, and those of the bride at the left; the bridegroom and best man should stand at the clergyman's left hand at the altar, the bride at the left hand of the groom, and her father, or whoever is to give her away, a little behind her.

D. E. W.—Work was begun on the Forth railway bridge in January, 1883. The total length of the bridge is about a mile and a half, including two 1700-foot spans, two 675 foot spans, fifteen 168-foot spans, five 25 foot spans and the shoreward halves of the outer cantilevers. The clear headway under the centre of the bridge is 150 feet above high water.

MAGGIE.—We do not think the marriage would be a happy one for either of you. The parents of the young man object to you, so that you would have to enter his family under a cloud of black looks; and really, according to your own statement, the best part of the love is on his side. On your part we can detect more than a latent indifference. Take a little more time to consider.

C. J. D.—There is no specific against sea-sickness. Some persons are more liable to it than others; even experienced sailors are sometimes affected. We always found a good solid meal before starting, and moderation in liquids and stimulants, the best preventives. A shawl tied moderately tight round the waist, and sitting on the deck or the cabin floor, will often ward off the attack.

HOUSEMAN.—If your boy is not deficient of intellect, and at four and a half years old cannot talk, we should be inclined to say that he had some affection of the nerves that preside over the sense of speech. You might give him another two years, and then if no more progress were made, he should be put under tuition, with the view of teaching him the "lip" method of articulation now in vogue among the deaf and dumb.

BILBO.—Seven women have been hanged in Pennsylvania in the present century—Elizabeth Kimby, Chester county, September 3, 1804; Eliza Moore, York county, April 21, 1809; Charlotte Jones, Alleghany county, February 12, 1864; Mary Twiggs, Montour county, October 22, 1868; Martha Grundy, Alleghany county, January 19, 1866; Leah Miller, Clearfield county, November 13, 1867; Catherine Miller, Williamsport, February 8, 1881.

HOPEFUL.—Requests for blank forms of application and applications for examinations for the postal service must be addressed to the Secretary of the Postal Board of Civil Service Examiners, Washington, D. C. All officers receiving such applications will indorse thereon the date of their reception, and transmit them to the Examining Board where service is sought. No person is entitled to examination for admission to the Postal Service for the position of clerk if under 18 years of age, or for carrier if under 21 or over 45.

S. A. R.—St. Vitus' dance is an affection of the nervous system, resulting in disorderly and tumultuous action of the facial and other muscles of a purely involuntary kind. The patient should be isolated as much as possible, or live a very quiet life. The disorder always becomes worse when in public, or when the person afflicted thinks he is being looked at. The treatment consists in moral control judiciously exercised. Exercise not enough to tire, bathing, especially sea bathing, at appropriate times, and the employment of tonics. The younger the patient the better the prospect of cure.

DESPAIR.—Judging from your letter, we should say that your despair arises in a great measure from over anxiety to accomplish too much. It is very laudable in you to be teaching yourself as you say you are, but do not be in too great a hurry. Take one subject at a time and thoroughly master that portion of it that you have set yourself to accomplish. Do not attempt a little arithmetic and a little grammar and a modicum of something else all in the short leisure of one evening. Give each its proper time and you will find the road to knowledge not nearly so much up hill as it has appeared hitherto. Do not attempt any head work when your body is too tired to make it comfortable; above all, never try to force yourself to work when your head and eyes tell you by their heat and aching that you have done enough. Master the difficulties one at a time, and remember there is a great point gained when you have got only one fact clearly and surely into your head; it will stop there and pave the way for others. We heartily wish you success in your studies, and shall always be happy to hear from you again if we can be of any use to you.